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VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1912 NO 11

WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN DIED EARLY MONDAY

Daniel L. Forsythe Passed Away at His Home on Main Street

HE WAS NEARLY 79 YEARS OF AGE

Has Been a Highly Respected Citizen of This Place for Over 50 Years—Funeral Services Held at Late Home Yesterday Afternoon.

Daniel L. Forsythe died at his home on East Main street, this borough, on Monday morning, March 11, 1912, at 12:35, after an illness of several weeks. Several months ago Mr. Forsythe had a slight stroke of paralysis and although he recovered from that and was able to attend to his duties for a time he has not been real well since. The immediate cause of his death was inflammation of the bladder. He was aged 78 years, 11 months and 20 days.

The subject of this sketch was born at Independence, N. Y., on March 31, 1833, where he lived with his parents Guy and Nancy Forsythe, until he reached manhood and came to this place where he has since resided and followed the occupation of carpenter. He was a carpenter and builder of the old school, house and always did his work carefully and thoroughly. In politics he was a Democrat and during his life filled several local offices with credit to himself and the community.

In 1856 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Comes of Norwich township and to them two children were born, Mrs. Elmer E. Heath of this borough, and Mrs. Jennie Tracy, who died Dec. 19, 1909. His first wife died on September 8, 1874. On January 11, 1888, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane E. Neely of Howell, Mich., who survives him. Besides his wife and daughter he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. J. D. Jacobs, of Whitesville, N. Y., and Mrs. J. E. La More of Colerain, Mass., who deeply mourn the demise of a kind and loving husband, father and brother.

The funeral services were held at his late home Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. J. W. McGavern and Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating. His remains were laid at rest in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery.

MRS. HELEN OLIVE BREWER.

Well Known Pioneer of Potato Creek Passed Away at Mt. Jewett.

The Herald says: Mrs. Helen Olive Brewer died at the home of her son, W. W. Brewer, in Mt. Jewett, Saturday afternoon, March 2nd, in her 90th year, from the effects of ailments peculiar to advanced age. Mrs. Brewer had been in about her usual health until a couple of days before her death, when she repaired to her bed never to arise again. Her death was peaceful in the extreme, she having conversed with her granddaughter, Mrs. Harry Means, who has administered a dose of medicine to her but a few moments before. Mrs. Means leaving the room after giving the medicine and returning in a few moments found the aged woman with her hands folded across her breast, apparently asleep, but a second glance conveyed the intelligence that she was asleep in that sleep that knows no waking.

The deceased was the daughter of Luther and Jemima Colegrove Haven, two of the first settlers on the headwaters of Potato creek, and was born on what is now the Jonathan Colegrove farm, Norwich, Pa., August 9, 1822. On September 16th, 1841, she was united in marriage with Allanson Perry Brewer, also of Norwich, and son of the first settler on the head of Potato creek. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer at once established a home on what has since been known as the Brewer farm at Norwich Corners, and there during all the long span of her life had she made her home until within the comparatively recent past, when she came to make her home with her son in Mt. Jewett; and on the farm of her birth, within 100 feet of the house where she was born, and within 100 feet of the church where she had worshipped all her life, her body was laid to rest on Monday last in the quiet country church yard, at the end, beside that of her husband, who died April 14th, 1898.

She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Fredella Wolfert, aged 84 years, who resides at Union, Ill.; and one son, W. W. Brewer, of Mt. Jewett; three other children that were born to Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, Milton A., Melvin F. and Nellie A. dying in their youth.

Mrs. Brewer was of the self-reliant type of men and women who in the early days forced their way into what was then a dense wilderness, and carved therefrom homes for themselves and their children and their children's children. There was little of sentiment in the composition of these people, their rule of life being the Ten Commandments, of to them, beyond most people, the Book of Books. Hard work and plain living produced a race that has lived on and on past the ordinary allotted time of men and women. But those who now remain are few in number. The passing of Helen Olive Brewer marks one more advance toward that day when the men and women of that olden time will be known but in the history of the community, and in the memories and hearts of those who are following closely, so very closely, in their footprints.

SMETHPORT'S FUTURE.

Our Supply of Natural Gas Will Have Much To Do With It.

The shortage of gas this winter has set nearly everybody to inquiring what is to be the future for Smethport?

Just at present it is hard to answer satisfactorily, but we see no reason why a very pleasing solution cannot be found if the people interested in such matters will put their shoulders to the wheel and do their part.

With the amount of drilling that is being done in this immediate vicinity there should be no shortage of gas in this place. Nearly every well drilled near here produces more or less gas and a great many of them produce gas in sufficient quantities to be of great value to Smethport if arrangements were made to connect them into the Smethport lines. Whether the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle plant stays here or moves this summer depends, as we understand it, on whether we can furnish them sufficient gas to run steady. We should not lose this factory and private consumers should have enough gas for light and fuel at all times.

What is going to be done?

THE MEN'S CIVIC CLUB.

Meeting to be Held Next Tuesday and New Members Are Invited.

At a meeting of the Men's Civic Club of Smethport, held Tuesday evening, March 5th, the following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. W. McGavern; vice-president, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke; secretary, E. A. Studholme; treasurer, W. F. Specht; committee on topics for discussion, John Forrest, F. W. Brownell, G. W. Mitchell.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted and a topic chosen for discussion at the next meeting. The topic chosen was "Is it desirable to elect United States Senators by direct vote of the people." J. P. Devlin will present a paper on this subject and a general discussion will follow.

All who are inteersted in the study of these important public questions are invited to join the club. Next meeting Tuesday evening, 8:00 o'clock, in St. Luke's parish house.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

I will sell at Public Sale at my farm near Farmers Valley, Pa., Saturday, March 23rd, 1912, the following goods: One team of Brood Mares, wt. 2400; About 10 tons of Hay; a lot of Buckwheat Straw; Reaper and Binder; Grain Drill; 2 Mowing Machines; Horse Rake; Single and Double Harness and Wagons; Set of Heavy Sleds; Plows; Harrows, and General Farming Utensils. Household Goods: Stoves, Chairs, Tables; Dishes, Organ, Beds and Bedding, a special Parlor Suite, etc. Sale begins at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms:—Amounts under $10.00, cash. Over $10.00, three months' time given on approved Notes.

3-14-2t V. J. (JOE) McGILL.

Mr. J. Hesch, ladies' Tailor and Furrier, of Bradford, Pa., will be in Smethport at the Grand Central hotel, with a full line of spring and summer goods and models, to take orders for suits. It

WHAT DID ROOSEVELT DO?

This is a Favorite Question That His Opponents are Now Asking.

Right off hand such a question is always a hard one to answer, especially if the President has done many notable things, but to those who are now asking that question about Col. Roosevelt, we respectfully refer them to the March number of Munsey's Magazine in which appears an article entitled "Catching Up With Roosevelt," by Judson C. Welliver, with an introduction by Mr. Munsey. This article gives a pretty good idea of what President Roosevelt did, and it proves that he was one of the ablest Presidents that ever occupied the White House.

Here are some of the notable achievements of President Roosevelt's administration of seven years:

He forced through the Dolliver-Hepburn Railroad Act, which has proved itself to be of great value.

He secured an extension of the Forest Reserve.

The National Irrigation Act.

Improvements of waterways and reservation of water-power sites.

The Employers' Liability Act.

The Safety Appliance Act.

Regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor.

Established the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Federal meat inspection.

Navy doubled in tonnage and increased in efficiency.

Battleship fleet sent around the world.

State militia brought into co-ordination with army.

Canal Zone acquired and work of excavation pushed with increased energy.

Development of civil self-government in insular possessions.

Second intervention in Cuba; Cuba restored to the Cubans.

Finances of Santo Domingo straightened out.

Alaska Boundary dispute settled.

Reorganization of the consular service.

Settlement of the coal strike of 1902.

The government upheld in Northern Securities decision.

Conviction of postoffice grafters and public-land thieves.

Directed investigation of the Sugar Trust customs frauds, and the resultant prosecutions.

Suits begun against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies and other corporations for violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Corporations forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds.

Kept the door of China open to American commerce.

Brought about settlement of the Russo-Japanese war by the Treaty of Portsmouth.

Avoiding the pitfalls created by Pacific coast prejudice against Japanese immigration.

Negotiating twenty-four treaties of general arbitration.

Inauguration of the annual conference of Governors of States.

Reduction of the interest-bearing debt by more than $90,000,000.

Inauguration of movement for conservation of natural resources.

Inauguration of movement for improvement of conditions of country life—thus encouraging the back to the farm movement.

He also recommended reforms for the banking and currency systems; inheritance tax; income tax; passage of a new Employers' Liability act to meet objections raised by the Supreme Court; Postal savings banks; parcels-post; revision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act; legislation to prevent overcapitalization, stock watering, etc., of common carriers; and legislation compelling incorporation under Federal laws of corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The State through its normal schools offers unusual advantages to young men and women. The Clarion State Normal School with its present equipment has no superior. It opens the door of opportunity by giving the finest educational advantages at a very low cost. Tuition free to prospective teachers. Special review classes will be maintained during the Spring Term, which opens March 26. Write for catalogue and bulletin outlining special courses.

Harry M. Shafer, Principal,
Clarion, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

SOUTH POLE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED

Coveted Goal Was Reached on December 16th, 1911

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN, THE HERO

The News Reached the Civilized World Last Friday—The Good News Has Been Confirmed—His Story is Very Interesting.

On Friday last news reached the civilized world that Captain Roland Amundsen and his party of Anarctic explorers had finally reached the South Pole.

This well-known Norwegian explorer started on his history-making voyage on February 10, 1911, and reached the South Pole on December 16, 1911.

On the sixth page of this issue of The Miner will be found a full and detailed account of Capt. Amundsen's famous trip, which all should read.

A FORGED CHECK.

Grange Bank Caught on the Forged Name of Walter Daly.

It isn't very often that a bank gets caught on a forged check of one of its depositors but this thing happened here within the past few days.

One day last week Mrs. Charles Reeves presented a check to Oscar Engstrom for payment for groceries which has proved to be a forgery. The check, which was for $15, was drawn on the Grange National Bank of McKean County in favor of Charles Reeves and was signed Walter Daly. Mr. Engstrom took the check and in due time deposited it in the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. Later it was taken in exchange by the Grange Bank, together with a lot of others and at the time the forged signature was not noticed.

However, when the check was examined it was plainly a forgery and an inquiry brought out that Mrs. Reeves who is not living with her husband, who is under some sort of a bond to support her, received this check from her spouse and, supposing it to be genuine, had used it in paying her bills. When a search was made for Charles Reeves it was found that he had left a few days previous for parts unknown to his wife or others and therefore the check remains unpaid.

REBUILDING AUSTIN.

Citizens of the Ruined Town Bravely Begin Over Again.

Bradford Star-Record: Six months after the terrible calamity, the town of Austin is slowly building itself out of the ruins. Main street again has been built up on the south side and building is contemplated on the opposite side when the weather permits. Main street now is occupied by a meat market, jewelry store, saloon, hotel, city hall, postoffice, bank and several other brick buildings not yet occupied. In the Goodyear house repairs are being made by Kelly & Orwan, former proprietors of the destroyed Commercial hotel. Nearly opposite the Goodyear hotel a large livery stable has been completed.

The schools of Austin have 300 pupils enrolled against 600 last year. The graduating class will number six. The Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad has erected a new depot, built of wood, the former structure being of brick. The first things that attract the visitor's eye as he alights from the depot are the numerous safes lying near the depot. They have all been opened, either by working the combination, or by explosives. One is the property of Dr. E. A. Manusy, who lost his wife and baby in the flood.

At the present time there are 200 men working at the pulp and paper mill, getting it into shape to commence work June 1. Many of the men are skilled steel and iron workers and receive good wages; ordinary laborers receive from $1.75 to $2.00 a day. The pulp and paper mill is being enlarged considerably, and when again in operation will employ more labor than before. Nothing has yet been done on the dam. The pulp and paper people have been at work for the last five months carting the paper wood that was swept down the valley back to their wood yard just north of their plant, and even yet many teams are hauling the wood from down the valley three and four miles.

Several days after the disaster the insurance people canceled all policies and would assume only the loss of building burned on their foundations. A short time ago they notified the people they would again insure property. It is thought the kindling wood factory will be rebuilt. The gas and water mains are in good condition and the new fire equipment will be better than ever. They have their new hose, fire carts and the balance of the department's needs.

The private bank of Austin has its building nearly in the same condition as formerly. They have paid every cent to their depositors. At the time of the flood it was circulated that they held heavy mortgages on the flood stricken district and therefore they would close their doors, but such was not the case and everyone has been paid.

Opposite the bank and postoffice, men are working on the town hall, a commodious building when completed.

There still remain seven or eight persons unaccounted for since the flood and there are sixteen unidentified, possibly some of the unaccounted ones being in the unidentified list.

The Emporium Lumber company have resumed work at their mills and the Central Lumber company, successors to the Goodyear Lumber company, contemplate resuming operations about April.

FIELDER PAT DOUGHERTY.

Bolivar's Famous Ball Player Quits the Chicago White Sox.

Pat Dougherty, veteran outfielder of the Chicago White Sox baseball team and one of the best known characters in the game, has quit baseball for all time, according to an announcement given out at the White Sox headquarters, says the Chicago Daily News. Dougherty's retirement was announced in a personal letter received by President Comisky and was no surprise to the old Roman, who had expected it, as he had intimation of his veteran outfielder's intention to retire from play.

President Comisky was deeply affected by Dougherty's letter announcing his farewell. In a way it set a precedent of recent years. The White Sox chief says the epistle from the player who put Bolivar, N. Y., on the baseball map, is one of the most remarkable he has received from a ball player in his whole career in baseball.

Dougherty told President Comisky that he realized he had only a year or more left at the most to play in the big leagues and that he preferred to retire voluntarily than to be forced to quit on account of age. He added that his affections still lay wrapped up with the White Sox and that should his services ever be needed in a pinch for the good of the team all the old Roman had to do was to speak the word and he would come on the first train that could carry him to Chicago.

Dougherty went into the records in 1902 and 1903 as one of the heaviest batters of those seasons. He hit for an average of .335 and in 1903, of .332. He was the heaviest hitting outfielder in the White Sox to the year they won the world's championship. Seven years later, in 1910, he was the heaviest batsman of the Chicago White Sox.

Besides being a great batsman, Dougherty in his day has been one of the best outfielders in the game. In 1906 he set up a world's record for the highest percentage of a left fielder. His average was .987. Dougherty holds this record in company with Fred Clarke, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who equaled the mark in 1907.

Patrick H. Dougherty was born October 27, 1876, at Andover, N. Y. He played ball in his early days in Bristol, Conn. In 1898 he was with Dayton, O., and in 1899 he pitched for Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR SALE.

A first-class boarding house of 19 rooms. Modern in every respect. Furnishings strictly first-class and mostly new. An exceptional opportunity for responsible person. Good lease. Will sell at a sacrifice. Owner wishing to leave city, quick sale and cash only. Filled with permanent guests. Present income $476.00 per month. Rent of house $62.50 per month. Location, near Richmond Circle.

PEARLE BUSH,
1t-p 39 St. Johns Place.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

The Fight at Fort Steadman, of Which Two Smethport Men Survive.

The battle of Fort Steadman was fought 47 years ago the 25th of March. S. S. Provin was a private in Company C of the 211th Pa. Vols. and J. C. Cunningham of the 207th Pa. Vols., both of this place, were in the fight and Comrade Provin who was only 17 years old at this time was wounded within a few rods of the fort. And therefore the following from the National Tribune, under the heading of The Appomattox Campaign, by John McElroy, is interesting:

The Garrisoning of Fort Stedman.

The right of the line of the Army of the Potomac was held by the Ninth Corps, which garrisoned about seven miles from the Appomattox to Fort Howard. During the night our pickets had their attention attracted by the sound of axes in chopping, and called out to the Confederates to know what it meant. The Confederate pickets replied that they were only getting out some corn. There was a field of unharvested corn between the lines, and the Union pickets were quite willing that the Confederates should eke out their rations from this. It is strange, however, that our men could have so mistaken the noise, that of gathering corn and chopping wood being so dissimilar. What our men really heard were axmen clearing away the fraise and abatis for the advance. In Fort Stedman and the adjoining battery, No. 10, were the 14th N. H. H. A., the 1st Conn. H. A., with mortars, and the 2d Mass. Battery, with some brass 12-pounders. All except the men on post were asleep in their quarters at 4 o'clock in the morning, when Gen. Gordon gave the signal for the assault.

In Fort Haskell were four companies of the 14th N. H. H. A., four guns of Woerner's N. J. Battery and a section of coehorn mortars, manned by men of the 1st Conn. H. A. Maj. Houghton of the 14th N. Y. H. A., was a careful, vigilant and experienced officer, and on the night of March 24 had doubled the guard and ordered reveille at 4 o'clock instead of 4:30. The Sergeant of the Guard had a watch that was too fast by 15 minutes, but when it indicated 4 o'clock he ordered reveille sounded, saying that it was better to be too early than too late. Thus Gen. Gordon's movement was anticipated three-fourths of an hour by the premature Sergeant of the Guard. As he ordered reveille this officer saw blue signal lights flash up along the picket line, and heard the chopping of the abatis in front. Taking alarm at once, he shouted to the guard. Next, he heard the noise of the stealthily approaching columns, and knew that it was more than deserters coming in.

The Deadly Work of the Bayonet.

Theer was no more merciless assault during the war than that which Gordon led. Undoubtedly his men were keyed up to the highest pitch of desperation, since upon the success of the stroke depended the very existence of the army and of the Confederacy. They stole upon the sleeping soldiers with unloaded guns and fixed bayonets, and when near enough to a Yankee to strike him did not hesitate a second to plunge the bayonet into him. The sentries, who were expecting that those approaching were deserters, bringing in their arms in compliance with Gen. Grant's offer, were instantly bayoneted, and sank on their posts without a groan to alarm their comrades.

The tide of silent, savage men, intent upon murder, swept over the works around Fort Stedman and into its gates, bayoneting as they encountered them the startled soldiers who sprang up in alarm or those who stirred not in their bunks. No attempt was made to take prisoners, and no parley with the enemy except the deadly thrust. Never during the war were so many men so quickly and so silently killed. For Stedman after this horrible massacre was a shocking sight even to such hardened soldiers as the veterans of the Army of the Potomac. The only thing which diverted the Confederates from their awful work was their incurable hunger for plunder. They would turn with dripping bayonets to struggle with their comrades for a watch or some article of value which they had discovered or which was on the person of one of their slain victims. They fought among themselves for the opportunity of robbing the still warm corpses.

(Continued on next page, 1st column)

The Garrison Awakens.

For a few terrible minutes the assailants had it all their own way, and if the first fierce onset had been followed up as planned the movement might have been a success, and the Army of the Potomac greatly crippled if no worse. But the garrison was now awakening The soldiers who had fled from the works to escape the bayonet were gathering in groups, and with soldierly readiness were putting themselves in postures of defense.

The first return blow came from Capt Joseph Cleary, 14th N. Y. H. A., and his Officer of the Guard, Lieut. Frank Thompson. They had smelt danger from the indistinct masses which they had seen moving through the darkness, and had their fears confirmed by overhearing the low commands of the rebel officers They heard, also some of the scuffling which occurred when the sentries were not instantly killed or were able to make some resistance before being bayoneted. With several of their men the two Union officers ran into Fort Stedman, made their way to the guns, which were double-shotted with canister, and pulled the lanyards. Not only did they fire the loaded guns, but they reloaded them and fired, sweeping the outside of the trenches and filling the ground in front with dead and wounded Confederates. The dense mass of assailants made a fine mark for the deadly canister, and after the battle the sight inside the works was more than matched by the corpse-strewn ground in front

The sound of the guns aroused the whole brigade Daylight was now breaking, and the men so unwillingly awakened by the premature reveille were in line and ready for action. The 57th Mass was forming for roll call but at once took arms and opened fire, to bring down upon itself a charge from the enemy which broke its ranks and compelled it to retire in disorder Gen Gordon mistook the guns which Capt Cleary and Lieut. Thompson had fired for the work of his own men, and did not believe until years afterward that this was not so He thought that his men had turned the guns upon ours The whole Confederate column pressed forward to take advantage of the presumed success

The artillery of Lieut Thompson and Battery No 10 was turned by the rebels on Fort Haskell, as well as Batteries 11 and 12 south and 8 and 9 and Fort McGilvery north The noise of these guns aroused the whole army, and brought the entire Ninth Corps in readiness for action The 17th Mich was one of the first regiments to deliver a return blow, and, led by Maj Mathews rushed forward to the breastworks near Fort Stedman gained them and held the position

The lefthand column of the Confederates had advanced along the trenches parallel to the river, and cleaned out everything as far as Battery 9 and even silenced that for a time Capt Romer of Fort McGilvery, opened a fierce fire upon this column, and ran a gun outside the works to sweep the line, forcing the enemy back

There were many hand-to-hand fights as the men who had been routed out of their tents rushed back at the Confederates now straggling badly, in spite of the attempts of their officers to keep the lines closed up and a solid column of assault

As in the Mine affair, the supports of the assaulting columns showed a tardiness about moving up, and this tardiness was soon accentuated by the terrific fire of all the Union guns which could be brought to bear sweeping the ground intervening between the two lines The 29th Mass made a heroic effort to stop the assault at Battery 11, and maintained its ground until it was maneuvered back by the rebels turning its flanks The 59th Mass and 100th Pa tried to hold Battery 12, but were also maneuvered away by their flanks being turned Gen McLaughlin, commanding a brigade, rushed down to Fort Stedman to endeavor to gain a knowledge of what was going on, and was taken prisoner

The fight, now concentrated around Fort Haskell, the capture of which was absolutely necessary to the assault The guns of Fort Stedman were turned on Fort Haskell which for a moment could only be replied to by one gun and some 50 muskets The garrison bravely resisted, and the infantry mounted the banquets regardless of the terrible rain of shells, and fired as rapidly as possible upon the advancing enemy The little garrison was soon reinforced by refugees from other forts, batteries and camps, and the fire was sufficiently heavy to check the desperate rush of the enemy The colors of the 14th N Y H A were bravely flying aloft during the fight and made the special mark of the Confederate gunners both in Stedman and in the forts opposite It is estimated that as many as 48 shells a minute struck the little fort. Tents, timbers, logs and gun carriages were torn up by the bursting shells, the flag pole was cut down, and it is wonderful that any living thing escaped Our own batteries, thinking that Haskell had been taken, began a fire upon it which was only checked by the brave display of the colors by the Color-Sergeant

The situation was now of the greatest intensity, since the success of the assault pivoted upon the defense of the little fort. Gens. Grant and Meade stood on a knoll in the rear, and watched the fight with anxiety while troops were coming up to the Ninth Corps' assistance. Daylight was coming on, and Gordon saw that the object of the assault had failed It could only succeed by surprise, and surprise was now impossible. Like the Crater, it now became a question only of how many men could get back; how much of his corps he could save from destruction Fort McGilvery and the uncaptured batteries to the right were now pouring a terrible cross-fire into the Confederate left flank, while from Fort Haskell to the left all the heavy guns that could be brought to bear were doing the same on the Confederate right flank. One gallant Confederate leader, mounted on horseback, hastily gathered a few hundred desperate Confederates and charged those guns which were punishing them most severely in the hopes of silencing them but were destroyed by the murderous canister long before they could reach the muzzles

The Entire Corps Engaged.

As soon as Gen Parke learned what had happened he ordered Gen Willcox with his division to recapture the works, Gen Hartranft to concentrate his division and support Willcox and Gen. Tidball, his skillful Chief of Artillery, to mass all the guns he could on the high ground in the rear and search the ground between the lines with their fire. Gen Willcox sent forward the 1st Mich Sharpshooters as skirmishers, directing them to press the enemy to the left as much as possible. They did such good work that the Confederate advance halted for reinforcements, and the 200th and 209th Pa were moved up to the assistance of the 17th Mich, also ordered out by Gen. Willcox Gen. Hartranft appeared at the head of his division, and put himself at the head of the two Pennsylvania regiments the 17th Mich being deployed as skirmishers on the right Hartranft struck directly at the rear of Fort Stedman The 2d and 20th Mich threw themselves into the fight with earnestness, and began capturing the enemy in great numbers. Col Robinson rushed into the conflict with the 3d Md, on the left of the 100th Pa—the famous Roundheads

Hartranft in the Fight.

Gen Willcox had previously instructed his brigade commanders, in the event of the line being broken, to take all the troops which could be spared and attack the flanks of the assaulting columns This order, given long before, was thoroughly understood, and the regimental and brigade commanders were now carrying it out with energy Col Harriman brought up the 109th N Y, and 37th Wis, and intrenched them to prevent any further advance of the enemy while the latter was being attacked on the flank

It was now getting light enough to see the field and distinguish the enemy. Hartranft first saw a detachment of the 57th Mass, under the command of a Captain, making a stand against the advance, and sent the 200th Pa to the assistance of the Massachusetts men This broke the enemy's line at that point, who seemed to be in force on the road running in the rear of Stedman, and Hartranft sent for the 209th Pa to come up and attack there. He himself led the attack with the 200 Pa, but encountered so heavy a fire that he was forced back to the old line of works Hartranft immediately renewed the attack, however, and this time succeeded in getting a good position, though at the cost of the 200th Pa's heavy loss The 209th Pa now entered the fight, and added their fire to that of Battery 9, the 20th, 2d and 17th Mich, which brought the advance of the enemy to a halt

Hartranft sent back for his Second Brigade to come up and join in an aggressive move to retake the fort The 205th and 207th Pa passed through a ravine which afforded cover until they were in the rear of Fort Stedman. The 208th Pa had secured a good position, and was joined by about 200 of the 100th Pa. These troops were forming on the flanks of the Confederates, and about 7.30 a m the 211th Pa reached the front, and Hartranft quickly disposed all his forces for a simultaneous attack along the whole line. The 211th Pa was to begin this assault by a movement toward the rear of Stedman, and this was to be the signal for the rest of the division to move forward and briskly engage the enemy, carrying the works The 211th Pa made the advance in grand style and drew the eyes of the Confederates, who began to waver, while the rest of the line charged in their different directions, and in a few minutes Stedman and Batteries 11 and 12 and the entire line was recaptured, with great numbers of Artillerists, battle flags and small arms Hartranft reports that he captured at least 1,500 prisoners

Officers and men were so eager to regain the works that it was difficult to restrain them and keep the organizations moving in anything like a proper alignment. Officers and men fought with each other as to which should be the first into the works, and Captains and enlisted men grabbed for the same Confederate colors.

James Decker, Co. D, 205th Pa; Corp'l John Fulton, Co. B, 207th Pa.; Chas H. Keinert, Co. F, 209th Pa., each captured Confederate colors under heroic conditions, and were recommended for medals.

Hartranft reports the loss in his two brigades as 20 killed and 238 wounded.

Individual Heroism.

All of the reports are full of praises for the individual heroism of the men of each command. Maj. Randall, 14th N. Y. H. A., commends Private James K. Brady, Co H, for capturing a stand of colors; Lieut.-Col. J. M. Tucker, 57th Mass., commends Serg't-Maj. Chas. H. Pinkham for capturing a flag of the 57th N. C and for saving the colors of his regiment from the enemy. First Serg't George Adams, Co. G, was conspicuously brave, received 15 wounds and still remained with his regiment.

Capt John M. Deane, 29th Mass., gives many instances of stubborn valor by his men, although surprised at the stealthy advance of the enemy in the darkness Lieut. Nathaniel Burgess refused to surrender, and was mortally wounded. Color-Serg't Conrad Homan refused to surrender his colors, and escaped with them First Serg't C F. Harlow refused to surrender and was killed Private W. Klinkler defended the entrance to a bomb-proof, and was killed rather than yield Preserved Westgate fought the enemy with a club until killed Geo E. Snow was killed at his post fighting to the last. Edward Carney was caught by the throat, and while struggling against his capture was clubbed over the head with a musket, but managed to free himself and escaped Chas L Nightingale stuck to his post, and shot the enemy who demanded his surrender

The 3d Md captured two stand of colors that of the 31st Va, being taken by Capt. Joseph F. Carter and that of the 57th Ga by Patrick McCrann.

The Fort Recaptured.

By 8 o'clock Hartranft had regained Fort Stedman and the batteries on its flank All this time the Confederate batteries along the entire line were firing with the utmost rapidity, in order to break up the Union formations and help as far as possible Gordon's men The Union batteries did not reply to this fire, but concentrated their aim upon Fort Stedman until the waving of Old Glory high above the smoke announced to them that the fort was restored to its rightful owners

Those of our guns which could not reach Fort Stedman had been sweeping the ground between that work and the Confederate lines with a fire through which nothing could hope to pass alive. This was to cut off retreat of Gordon's men and to prevent reinforcements coming up to them Why these reinforcements did not follow Gordon's brilliant advance as was planned, is a mystery for which there has been given no sufficient explanation, and the swift oncoming of the final catastrophe made any inquiry useless and repugnant Only a few days later Appomattox passed over all the military operations the vail of complete and final defeat

One of the explanations offered, however, is that the breaking down of the wretched railroad service prevented the concentration which Lee had ordered and which it was supposed had occurred Another, the decaying spirit of the Confederate armies After the terrific pounding which the enemy had endured for 11 months, men would have been more than mortal if they had attacked with the spirit and solidity of their blows at Gettysburg, Wilderness and Spotsylvania

Maj. Miller's Experience

Maj Theodore Miller, 1st Pa L A, and Inspector of Artillery for the Ninth Corps, had an unusual experience He was informed at 4:30 in the morning that the enemy had attacked and captured Fort Stedman He rode as fast as possible toward the artillery camps near Meade's Station where he found Woerner's 3d N. J., McClellan's 1st N Y., and Rogers's 19th N Y Batteries all harnessed and ready for service He ordered them to take position on a hill commanding the road leading to Fort Stedman, and then rode toward the fort itself to get further information He saw about 50 or 60 infantry, which he supposed to be our troops, advancing toward his guns, and at once rode to them to order them back to hold the ground He found however, that they were rebels, who immediately made him and his Orderly prisoners, stripped him of his private property and sent him to the rear under guard By this time it was daylight, and the fire of the Union troops had become so heavy that he persuaded his guards to take him into a bomb-proof until it should become safer. He remained in the bomb-proof for three or four hours and listened with interest to the reports of what was taking place outside Rebel officers came in, and reported that the Union fire was simply awful, and that their lines could not be held at any point The artillery had the exact range, and was tearing everything to pieces. Maj. Miller says:

"The wounded were brought in in great numbers I noticed among them a large proportion of officers. The number of stragglers and skulkers was astonishingly large, and I saw several instances where the authority of the officers who urged them on was set at defiance

"At about 8 o'clock the confusion increased and became general; all order seemed to be at an end; the musketry sounded closer and closer, and officers ordered, threatened and begged their men to fall back to their old lines in vain, for their only way lay across the field so effectually commanded by our artillery, and of those few who did venture to go many were killed and wounded. I had before this succeeded in persuading my captors to remain and assist me to escape, and, seeing our troops charging triumphantly into the fort, I started with my guards in a keen run toward our lines, calling on all the rebels around me, and I am happy to report that I succeeded in bringing about 250 or 300 of the enemy in this manner into our lines"

Disheartening Loss to Confederacy.

The failure of this assault was a desperate and irreparable loss to the weakened Confederate army Something over 2,000 prisoners were taken These, with the estimated loss of 2,500 killed and wounded, make a total diminution of about 5,000 from the rapidly shrinking ranks of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The gloom which had been settling down deeper and deeper upon the luckless Confederates was greatly intensified by the humiliating failure, with its accompanying losses, of this promising blow. The disheartening dimensions of the disaster were not allowed to be known throughout the army, and as little as possible was said about it in Richmond No report of Lee or of any of his subordinate officers was found in the Confederate archives

On the other hand, it made much for the improvement of the self-esteem of the Ninth Corps, which had suffered so severely from the failure of the Mine The Ninth Corps had made the sortie single handed, without assistance from the other corps, except the guns of the fort, and it had gloriously retrieved the disaster with which the day had opened The wearers of the cannon and anchor badge felt that they could now stand up unabashed before the men of the other corps, and tell their story with well-justified pride

Maj-Gen John G Parke, commanding the Ninth Corps, issued the following order

"General Orders No 3
Headquarters Ninth Army Corps
March 26, 1865.

"At 4 a m on March 25 instant, the enemy, having massed three divisions in fornt of Fort Stedman, in the lines of the Third Brigade, First Division of this Corps, by a sudden rush broke the picket line, and after a gallant defense by the garrison of Fort Stedman, overpowered it and gained possession of the fort and a portion of the parapet, on either side He then assaulted Fort Haskell and Battery 9, but was repulsed with much loss He attempted to advance towards the railroad, but was speedily checked, and the First Brigade, Third Division, coming up, he was forced back to the front From thence he was soon driven by a charge of the Third Division and the Second and Third Brigades, First Division, with the loss of many killed and wounded 1,941 prisoners including 71 commissioned officers and nine stand of colors, and the entire line seized by him was reoccupied The Major General commanding congratulates the Corps on this auspicious result It will be a source of pride to him and them that so heavy and desperate an attack upon their line was repelled by them before the arrival of the supports promptly and cordially furnished from the other corps The gallantry and steadiness of the troops engaged, which so brilliantly retrieved a momentary disaster and converted it in to a victory, merit and receive his warmest gratitude and commendation

"The artillery in position bearing on the line held by the enemy and the reserve batteries under the personal supervision of Brevet Brig-Gen Tidball, Chief of Artillery, did prompt and very effective service, and inflicted severe damage upon the enemy. To Brig-Gen J. F. Hartranft, commanding Third Division, who had charge of the assault, great credit is due, and his division is specially congratulated on the distinguished success which their good conduct has met with in this their first engagement. The steadiness and courage of the troops upon the flanks of Fort Stedman, who held their position despite the breaking of their line are deserving of great praise, and the Major-General commanding takes occasion to impress upon the corps the lesson enforced by the example of their brave comrades of the First Division that a line broken is not carried and that by prompt rallying and tenaciously holding the position so flanked the enemy may be made to pay dearly for his temerity.

"John G. Parke, Major-General Commanding"

It fell to the share of the artillery to take an unusual part in this fighting, and to demonstrate its value very conclusively. Infantry have a habit of speaking somewhat disparagingly of other branches of the service, though a battery of artillery is always felt to be an exceedingly comfortable thing for anybody to have around. Artillery makes a great deal of noise, requires an immense amount of space on the crowded roads for its ammunition, and, the infantry is prone to think, does not usually do enough killing to pay for itself. At Fort Stedman, however, the artillery not only did work as effective as the musket, but after the battle had the field to show for itself. At no other time during the war was there anything like such a ghastly exhibition of the power of artillery. As we have said before, the guns were placed in the fortifications with the highest skill and in such a manner that their fire would assist one another, and upon any point could be converged the fire of a great number of heavy pieces. It is probable that the science of this thing excelled any previous management of artillery in any siege in the world

When daylight revealed the situation of affairs to the gunners along the lines a most terrific rain of shot and shell fell upon Fort Stedman For one awful half hour 40 heavy shot and shell fell into Fort Stedman every minute. The air was so full of smoke and dirt that at times it was impossible to see 10 feet One shell killed 13 Confederates, another seven, and three killed five and wounded six One round shot killed three men. A squad of Confederates who were trying to work a captured gun were all but one swept away by a single discharge of canister, and this one saved himself by stooping over to pull a pebble out of his shoe

When the Confederates started to retreat whole squads would be blown away by canister and shell Where 20 men would start probably not more than three or four would reach shelter. The dead were mangled by the shells in a manner as astonishing as shocking Some of the bodies were reduced to a pulp, while the most of them were torn into fragments One shot shot struck a Confederate who was taking aim, tore his musket out of his hands hurled it 100 feet or more, and drove the bayonet into the body of another man, pinning him to the earth Although the ground around Fort Stedman has been plowed and cultivated for nearly a half century, canister, parts of shells bullets, rusty bayonets and fragments of guns come up with each spring's working

The guns and mortars in position were ably seconded by the light batteries in the rear of the line, which were hurried up by Gen. Tidball, and placed in a commanding position to play upon the enemy At this time there distinguished themselves a number of young German artillerists who had never before had such an opportunity to display the high abilities of their branch of the service to which they were enthusiastically devoted With Maj Woerner, who received such high praise for his work that day, were Lieut Turk, Baron Gustave von Waldheim, a Swede, and Lieut Ernest C Stahl, the latter a member of the 3d N J Battery, who is to-day a newspaper man of much ability and has been Commander of the Department of New Jersey. G. A. R Lieut Turk lost an arm in the fight and the others had many narrow escapes, but the fight was a great satisfaction to them in the army's recognition of their achievements.

Tons of Cast Iron in the Air.

The firing at Fort Stedman was more than usual the fire of big guns, and the heavy artillery had a fairer show at the Confederate infantry than it had had during the long campaign and siege It will be interesting to look at the report of Col Abbot and other artillery officers. Col Abbot, commanding the 1st Conn H. A, which manned the mortars and most of the heavy guns along the line, reports that during the month his command had fired 1,107 shots from the coehorn mortars, 461 rounds from the 8-inch mortars, 139 from the 10-inch mortars, 485 from the 30 pounder Parrotts, 342 from 4½-inch guns, making in all about 25 tons of cast iron hurled at the Confederate lines

Maj George Ager, 1st Conn H. A., commanding the batteries on either flank of Fort Stedman, reports that his command fired 314 30-pound percussion shells, 89 8-inch mortar shells, 931 coehorn shells and 43 10-inch shells Maj. Ager was justly complimented by his superior officers for the skill and vigor with which he handled his guns and his large contribution to the success.

Gens. Grant and Meade.

Gen Grant had anticipated such a movement on the part of Gen Lee for some time, and more than a month before had issued orders looking to such an occurrence. Grant knew that this fierce aggressiveness was the favorite tactics of the Confederate commanders to extricate themselves from a bad situation, and that Lee would in all probability attempt something of the kind, precisely as he had covered his withdrawal from the battlefield of Gettysburg by Pickett's charge. Lee knew on the evening of July 2, 1863, that his campaign in Maryland and Virginia had utterly failed, and he was in doubt whether he would be allowed to retire without being destroyed. This was probably the most powerful reason for Pickett's charge.

Anyway, Grant now believed that any audacity on the part of the Confederate commanders was to cover up their weakness, and he promptly took advantage of it by attacking, as he had done at Chattanooga. On this occasion Bragg had made a tremendous bluff at him, which Grant interpreted as an intention on the part of Bragg to retreat, thereupon Grant ordered an attack to be begun promptly the next day.

Grant's first act after receiving the news of the breaking of the lines was to telegraph to Gen Ord, commanding the Army of the James: "This may be a signal for leaving. Be ready to take advantage of it." He then went out and met Gen. Meade, who was not a little disturbed at being absent from his command at the time, and who was dictating orders to his Chief of Staff with more than his usual angry asperity Then Grant and Meade rode out to a point in the rear of Fort Stedman where they were witnesses to its recovery.

Meade Makes a Vigorous Return Blow

Gen Meade recognized at once that Gen Lee must have stripped his lines to collect such a force for the assault on the forts, and sent instant orders to Maj Gen Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, to advance and if possible force the lines on his front Similar orders were sent to Maj Gen Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps Gen Nelson A Miles commanding the First Division of the Second Corps sent out detachments of the 61st N. Y and 63d Pa to drive in the enemy's pickets and ascertain the strength in their front. They captured the enemy's picket line and advanced their own about 50 yards The whole division was brought up to this line, and was shortly after attacked by two divisions of Confederates to recover the ground, and fighting went on all day with considerable loss on our side, the enemy being repulsed on all points, however, leaving his dead and wounded on the field Gen Miles says that his men fought with unusual determination and enthusiasm and sustained the heaviest attacks without faltering

The Second Corps captured two battle flags and over 400 prisoners In addition to this great numbers of deserters came in after dark.

The Sixth Corps attacked vigorously, and secured a success of the highest importance Gen J Warren Keifer, commanding a brigade consisting of the 110th, 122d and 126th Ohio, 6th Pa, 9th N Y H A, and 6th Md, occupied a line, including Forts Fisher, Welch and Gregg, about three-fourths of a mile from the enemy's works Before them was a strongly intrenched picket line heavily manned When the Sixth Corps was ordered to move out Col. O H Binkley, with the 110th and 122d Ohio, led Kiefer's Brigade, and was at once driven back by a heavy fire He renewed the attack with the entire brigade, and though the loss was very severe, succeeded in gaining the enemy's works Color-Serg't Robert Spence, 6th Md, being the first man in the works, but who was shot down as he was waving the flag in the face of the enemy

The advantage gained by the Sixth Corps was most decided The intrenched picket line, which it carried was only a few rods from the main Confederate line, not many days later to become the vantage ground from which the Sixth Corps was to make a fierce leap across the dividing Confederate works and break irretrievably the lines defending Richmond and Petersburg, and start Lee for Appomattox

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Love

Sometimes love flies out the window when hubby comes in at the door.—Life.

Good in Rain Water.

Pliny said that thunder is rarely heard in winter and that the great fertility of the soil is due to the frequency of thunder rain in spring Science has discovered the cause of the nourishment in rain water to be the presence of great quantities of nitrogen and ammonia in the thunder rain and in hail.

...rastrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever headquarters of everything [illegible]

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all indulgements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 14, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See how an automobile is made at the Star Friday night.

—"The Bohemian Girl," with an excellent cast will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre this evening.

—Remember that Smethport is going to celebrate the Fourth of July this year and a big time is in store for all.

—Don't repair your old shoes, get a new pair for almost the same price at Monheimer's. Read his advertisement.

—Chief of Police Ives is making an effort to close the "private" gambling joints in Kane with considerable success.

—The Mighty Watson Shows will re-organize for the season of 1912. All members are requested to meet at winter headquarters in Russell City on Friday, April 5.

—A dozen timber wolves supposed to have come across the ice on Lake Erie during the cold weather are said to have taken up their abode in the woods near DuBois.

—The cap of the furnace of the Kane Flint Bottle company fell in Thursday night, and this necessitated a shut down to make repairs which will consume about six weeks' time—Republican.

—Don't forget the Donation Day for Bon Air at the Travellers' Club House Saturday, at 3 p. m. All are cordially invited to hear Dr. Johnston of Bradford. Donations may be sent to the club house on or before Saturday noon.

—A South Norwalk, Conn., dispatch dated March 9 says: A cat rubbed against a lamp in the home of Joseph A. McElroy. The fire loss was $25,000. A trunk containing $15,000 worth of jewels was rescued. So was the cat.

—Hon. J. McElroy, a former member of assembly and well and favorably known in this county, is seriously ill at the home of his son, Fred McElroy, of Lockport, N. Y. His many friends in Smethport and vicinity hope for his speedy recovery.

—Gus Carlson, who resides on a farm on Cole creek, broke his right arm midway between the wrist and elbow one day last week. He was hauling chemical wood and got his arm caught between a stump and the load. Dr. Chadwick attended him and reduced the fracture.

—William Newman, of Willow Grove, was acquitted in court at Norristown, Pa., of the charge of involuntary manslaughter in causing the death of Ethel Simmons on January 19. The girl was a friend of the Newman family and had access to the house. She returned late at night and Newman, thinking it was a burglar, killed her with a shotgun.

—N. N. Metcalf of Austin, has purchased the Rowley home on Maple street and will occupy it as soon as arrangements can be made. The consideration isn't far from six thousand dollars. It is one of the valuable, desirable, pretty properties in Port Allegany, and any owner will feel proud of it. Mr. Rowley bought the lot and built the home about twenty-five years ago. Last year he enlarged it. The property covers a quarter of a square and has barns and garage. Mr. Metcalf and family will be welcomed.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Preparations are already being made to cut the timber on the big tract up Skinner creek, and contractors are already looking the gorund over, selecting roads and sites. There are several thousand acres of virgin hemlock, great, tall evergreens that one hates to see go down before the woodsman's axe, but there will be considerable of a hole made in it before fall.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—At a meeting of wage committees representing hand operated window glass factories and the National Window Glass Workers, held at Cleveland the early part of last week, a new wage scale was formulated providing for an advance for the skilled trades of fully 40 per cent., to become effective on March 15th or 16th. This is encouraging news to the window glass workers in this vicinity.

—In a short time we are going to send out bills to every one of our subscribers who are eight months of more in arrears for subscription to The Miner, and for the benefit of those who do not wish to receive one of our invitations we suggest that they look at the date on the label of their papers and remit at once if they are in arrears. The payment of $1.25 each from 500 or more of our subscribers would help us out immensely in this, out time of need.

—Coco-Cola is said to be a bad drink to get in the habit of taking. Dr. W. H. Wiley of the Agricultural Department at Washington recently said: "I consider the Coco-Cola habit one of the most dangerous and insidious habits which is in existence today, and I believe the health officers with the aid of parents, should do everything in their power to prevent children, especially, from acquiring this habit. Personally, I believe the sale of Coca-Cola is a violation of the Food and Drugs act and of most of the laws of the states."

—The council met Wednesday and appointed Dr. J. H. Rasey chief of the local fire department. He will have charge of the apparatus and conduct the affairs as T. L. Sartwell has done for over twenty years. In retiring, Mr. Sartwell leaves a splendid record during the many years of service. Dr. Rasey, the new chief, has always taken an active part at fires, and is enthusiastic in getting an organized company into commission.—Eldred Eagle.

—In conversation with the superintendent of the Tioga county home a few days ago, says a representative of the Titusville Herald, we learned that there were upwards of 100 inmates confined in that institution—nearly double the number of inmates that the McKean county home contains. Whether there is more poverty over in Tioga county than there is in this county we cannot say, but the number of inmates in the Home over in our neighboring county would seem to indicate that such was the case.—Kane Republican.

—Mrs. John Moran, aged 75 years, and her son, Thomas Moran, were cremated with their home which burned on their farm five miles from Genesee, Potter county, yesterday before daylight. From the position of the charred bodies found in the embers it is thought that both were making efforts to leave the house when overcome by flames and smoke. The fire is supposed to have caught from an overheated stove in the cellar. The Morans have lived alone on the farm for seven years. The son, a bachelor, was well known as an eccentric character.—Whitesville News.

—Roulette Recorder: Thursday morning at about five o'clock the home of Alfred Butters at Brookland was destroyed and with it the bright and precious lives of their two sons, Harry and George. The mother jumped from a window with a babe in her arms and was so severely injured that her recovery may be impossible, while the baby was less severely injured. Mr. Butters had got up and built the kitchen fires and went out to attend the chores at the barn when he noticed his home in flames, but could not get back into the house to save anyone, or any of their furniture. It is a sad blow to them.

—Monday's Kane Republican says: A man by the name of Chamberlain, of this place, was arrested in Akron, Ohio, on Saturday, on information by Chief of Police Ives, charging him with abduction. He left here the latter part of last week in company with a girl aged 15, by the name of VanCamp, also of Kane. They are held in that city awaiting the arrival of Detective Jones of Smethport, who came to Kane this morning and left on the noon train for that place to bring the couple back here, when the man in the case will have to answer to the charge of abduction.

—John M. Andrews, charged with the murder of Emile Amann, was taken to the Erie county jail last Thursday afternoon to wait his second trial which is to take place in that county. Before leaving Andrews said: "I am going to Erie, I have but one regret and that is that I must leave my family. I will miss their visits and the caresses of my little ones. In every other way I am glad to go. I feel that the treatment in the Erie jail will be equal to that here and that the meals and accomodations will be as good. I feel that my new trial will allow me to return to my little family as I know I am innocent and that the jury will return a verdict freeing me of this awful charge."

—On Friday, March 22, one of the most interesting and instructive films ever shown here will be seen at the local picture show. It consists of seven reels of film, showing every detail of construction of the E.M.F. and Flanders automobiles. The great plants of the Studebaker corporation at Detroit, where the cars are made, the executive offices, the thousands of employees in the big foundries, machine shops, labratories, assembling rooms, etc., as well as the testers and racing drivers, are shown in action and everything is fully explained by a lecturer who accompanies the films. Mr. Kerr is to be congratulated in obtaining these pictures and anyone interested in the automobile industry should not fail to see them, as the Studebaker plants are the largest automobile factories in the world.

—The man who is paid ahead in his subscription, paid ahead in the stores and elsewhere, the following from an exchange is dedicated, and will no doubt be appreciated: "In most every newspaper you pick up you are most sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter, and the man behind the saw and the man behind the times and the man behind the rest; the man behind the whistle and the man behind the cars; the man behind the Kodak and the man behind the bars; the man behind the whiskers and the man behind the list. But they've skipped another fellow of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even or a little way ahead; who pays for what he gets whose bills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the one who is behind. All the editors, the merchants and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest fellow man. He keeps us all in business and his town is never dead, and so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead."

Cooking the 'Possum.

Mayor Bryan Callaghan of San Antonio, Tex., is very fond of 'possum and is particular about the way it is prepared for the table. He gives the following directions:

"Never plunge a 'possum into boiling water. That hardens the flesh and makes it tough. First bleed the 'possum, and after it is drawn immerse it in a pot of cold water and bring the water to a boil. After being parboiled for a reasonable time, take it out, put some laurel leaves, a little oil and some chili peppers inside it and pack in ice and put aside for a day or two.

"When ready to be cooked, put it into a bake pan and surround with sweet potatoes, brown to a turn and you have a dish that is about as delicious as any that can be prepared."

Cousin Mack

Mrs. Gregg, who cultivated a breezy, off-hand manner, had talked, from the day of her arrival at her sister's home, of the necessity of her calling upon her husband's cousin, Collie Mack.

So she, with a party of four or five of her relatives in various degrees, turned the headlights of their automobile toward the exclusive village, or suburb, in which she felt convinced she would find Collie Mack.

She was still in the seventh heaven of self-righteousness when she was rudely recalled by the mundane curiosity of the driver, who requested the street and number of her cousin.

"Oh," she replied, airily, "it's with some doctor, on Oak avenue, about two blocks from the car line." Then she settled back to her fancies once more.

The driver scowled and turned the car around. He drove slowly up and down Oak avenue, scanning the houses on both sides of the street within a radius of two blocks of every car track, but to no effect. Finally he gave it up.

"Well, it ain't here," he remarked witheringly.

"Why, perhaps it isn't," genially responded Mrs. Gregg. "I forgot that it must have been fifteen or twenty years ago that he lived here. Oh, and besides, it was his sister who lived with the doctor, and she was a trained nurse, so it might have been that she just had a case there. I don't suppose Collie Mack lived there at all. Wasn't that funny?"

She thought a moment. "Haven't you people some idea of where to look?" she asked, glancing about expectantly.

"We might look in the city directory," volunteered her sister.

So the whole party got out at the nearest drug store and pored over the list of Macks.

"There's no Collie Mack here, that's sure," asserted a mutineer.

"Oh, but that's just a nickname," explained Mrs. Gregg. "I really don't know just what his name is. It begins with M or H, or perhaps it was W. I can't remember."

"Oh, what's the use, anyway?" a nephew exclaimed disgustedly. "You don't know him and he doesn't know you, and what'll you miss if you don't see him?"

Mrs. Gregg looked at him reproachfully and said nothing.

"Here it is," cried her brother-in-law, excitedly. "Here's Martin Henry Worthington Mack! That's all the initials. They probably called him Collie because he'd take a whole colt, man."

They excitedly viewed the name in turn. Mrs. Gregg smiled in conscious superiority. "Yes, of course, that's it," she exclaimed. "My mind rarely fails to recall names."

So they climbed back into the car and broke the speed regulations getting to the address for fear Collie Mack might get away.

At the door Mrs. Gregg took the lead. She shook hands with the young girl who opened the door, exclaiming delightedly: "Well, well! I'm Mrs. Gregg, and these are my sisters and my brother-in-law and my baby and a nephew. Is your father at home?" Without waiting for a reply from the stunned girl, she made for the stairs, followed by her train of relatives.

"I never dreamed that he was married!" she exclaimed to the little woman, who in a dazed way offered them chairs. "And this big girl is your daughter! Well, well!" And she smiled with a friendly warmth which brought no response from the hostess.

Suddenly the door opened and a large Scotchman stood in it a moment while he viewed his callers.

"I'm so glad to know you!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregg as she hastened to greet him. And before she knew it she gave him a warm, cousinly kiss.

"My husband, Dr. Gregg, has spoken so much of you that I know you as well as if I had always known you personally," declared Mrs. Gregg. "Why didn't you let us know that you were married? Oh, pardon me; I forgot to introduce you." And she turned to beam on her own party.

The host wore a pained and startled expression, but he bowed gravely. Mrs. Mack seemed to have been turned to stone.

"How nice it is to meet relatives! Do sit down by me here and let us talk over old times!" Mrs. Gregg smiled bewitchingly up at the Scotchman. "You know Catherine stayed with us for some months, and I grew to think so much of her. It was on account of her that I was simply wild to meet you. Where is she now?"

The face of the Scotchman was full of amazement. Mrs. Mack's eyes were fastened upon her husband in horror.

Suddenly Mrs. Gregg's soaring spirits came down to earth. She looked searchingly at her new cousin. She also observed the wife's wordless accusations.

"Why—why—" she began. "Isn't Catherine your sister? Don't you remember Dr. Gregg? I—I think we've made some mistake." Then she looked reproachfully at her brother-in-law. "I'm sorry to have troubled you," she added, "and I believe we'd better go now."

She arose and led a dignified retreat. Mrs. Mack leaned over the railing and gazed down suspiciously as her husband opened the door for the visitors.

The KITCHEN CABINET

IT IS not hardships that make men brave and women heroic. It is the ideas which they mix with their daily bread and butter. —Henderson.

A WORD TO THE COOK.

Do you have a well-defined plan for the meals of the day?

Do you try to balance the meals so that there is never an over-abundance of any one food principle, like starchy foods, meats or sweets?

Do you plan your menus in regard to the individuals served? For example, the office worker and the out-of-door worker need a quite different menu, as does the growing child and the invalid.

Do you plan when you are making a custard to prepare enough to make a salad dressing, too? This is easily done by leaving out the sugar and flavoring until the custard is cooked, then add sugar and flavoring and you have a custard to serve as a sauce or a floating island, and to the remainder add salt, mustard and pepper and you have a salad dressing, with but the preparation of one.

Do you study the principles of cookery and enjoy your work, realizing that it is a dignified work, or do you call yourself a drudge? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

When using cooking dishes if they are washed at once, not allowing them to stand, they will wash much easier and other work that follows will not be hindered.

Coffee is much improved, if not freshly ground, to put into the dry pot and shake over the fire until thoroughly hot.

When buying soap it is economy to get it in large quantities, as one gets more for the money, and soap that is stored and dried will last much longer.

It is a wonderful help in an emergency to have a few canned foods on hand, such as canned clams, to be made into a delicious chowder with a few minutes' work, or canned soups of different kinds are quickly prepared, and there is nothing more satisfying after a cold ride or for a late supper than a cup of steaming hot soup.

There is no bread, how well prepared, that tastes quite as good as home-made bread. To many housekeepers who are cook and housemaid, bread-making is a great burden, but with the advent of the bread-mixer, the disagreeable part of bread-making is eliminated. The bread is mixed at night, when the man of the house might turn the mixer for exercise, and in the morning it is all ready to mix again, and then rise in the loaves. If for no other reason than cleanliness, the bread-mixer pays for itself.

Nellie Maxwell.

Guide.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheetz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Hoech.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Reuter, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stursky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. H. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdett S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mays, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. B. Hiever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, O. H. Benning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Beckus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—G. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Eastfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. G. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. B. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
J. L. MORRISON, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 88, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree or second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE HAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 88, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ANNIE O. STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of E.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McClevern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school, 11:45 a. m. Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 9 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feddders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns

For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait Enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McLean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. One-sixth position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 14, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congressman.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.
Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 16, 1912.

I hereby announce that I a ma candidate for nomination to the office of representative in Congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the action of Republicans at the primaries, in said district, April 13, 1912.

WILLIAM T. DE HAAS.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 9, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK E. BALDWIN.
Autsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

For State Senator.

M. T. Stokes of Potter County.

Pledged to work and vote for Equalization of Taxation and against the re-election of United States Senator Penrose.

For National Delegate.

We are authorized to announce the name of L. W. Gleason of Cameron county as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Twenty-first Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, 1912.

Driftwood, Pa., Feb. 28, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of delegate to the Republican national convention from the 21st Pennsylvania Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on April 13, 1912. I favor the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for President.

GUY B. MAYO.
Smethport, March 5, 1912.

State Delegate.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

H. E. GAFFNEY.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 5, 1912.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position of delegate from McKean county, to the Republican State convention, subject to the action of Republican voters at the primaries April 13.

JAMES A. CONNELLY.
Ludlow, Pa., Feb. 6, 1912.

For Member of Assembly.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for nomination to the office of Representative in the General Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held April 13, 1912.

H. H. REDFIELD.
Smethport, March 12, 1912.

Major I. McCreight of Clearfield county is being boomed for Congressman-at-Large. He was strongly endorsed by the Republican city committee of DuBois at a recent meeting held by that organization.

The fight for the Republican nomination has practically resolved itself into a battle between politicians, with Taft for their leader, and the people, with Col. Roosevelt. Usually the politicians win in a fight of this kind, but this may be the turning point in political history.

M. T. Stokes of Potter county announces that he is a candidate for the nomination for State Senator from the 25th district, composed of McKean, Potter and Tioga counties, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held Saturday, April 13. Mr. Stokes has been a resident of Coudersport for the past ten or twelve years, and has been editor and proprietor of the Potter Enterprise, one of the leading Republican papers of that county, during that time. He has used his best efforts both personally and through the columns of his influential paper for what he considered the best interests of the Republican party and the people at large, and now he asks to be made their representative in the State Senate that he may further serve them. He pledges himself to work and vote for the equalization of taxation and against the re-election of United States Senator Penrose, and asks the support of Republicans believing in these principles. Mr. Stokes has many friends in this district who are confident of his nomination and election and who will give him all the aid possible to that end.

Arrangements are now being made for the transfer from the Navy Yard to Arlington cemetery of the big main mast of the battleship "Maine," recently taken to Washington from Havana harbor on the collier "Leonidas," says the Bradford Era. It will be erected over the graves of the men who lost their lives in the explosion that caused the Spanish-American war. The great mainmast, which, to be exact, is but a section of the mast, is about 60 feet in height and two feet in diameter and weighs nearly four tons. The anchor of the Maine is already at Arlington. It is covered with floral tributes practically all of the time. Many applications have been received at the Navy Department from civic societies, lodges, social clubs and similar semi-public organizations for relics from the ill-fated "Maine." The secretary has been obliged to establish a rule that only requests from organizations of a military character can be complied with, and these only to a limited degree. Many lodges have requested for pieces of wood from the hull to be made into gavels for the use of their presiding officer, and literally hundreds of applications have come in for pieces large enough to be fashioned into walking sticks.

H. H. Redfield of this borough announces in this issue that he is a candidate for member of assembly, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912. Mr. Redfield was a candidate for the assembly two years ago and was nominated by a handsome vote in a lively contest, but was defeated at the polls through a combination of conditions which makes him a much stronger candidate than he was at that time. The conditions were these: He was nominated as an independent Republican and after the Keystone party, which posed as an independent wing of the Republican party, was formed, some of Mr. Redfield's independent Republican friends urged that he be endorsed by the Keystone party. This arrangement was very satisfactory to the independent Republicans of this county but when the bosses of the State Keystone organization got hold of it they held that no independent had a right to be his own boss and insisted that if he received the Keystone endorsement he must take his orders from the Keystone bosses and pledge himself to desert the Republican party and support Boss Berry and his crowd of nondescripts at the head of the Keystoners. Mr. Redfield showed right here that he was a real independent Republican and practically told this crowd that he would not take orders from any political boss whether it be Penrose or Berry; although he knew his answer was turning certain victory into as certain defeat, and now Mr. Redfield comes before the voters of this county again as an independent Republican with the people knowing the brand of true independence he represents and his nomination and election is as certain as anything can be, for when they know him the people know he is the kind of men we need in Harrisburg to make our laws. In speaking of his candidacy the Bradford Era says:

Mr. Redfield, having been a lifelong resident of this county, needs no introduction to the people. His standing in the community is of the kind that means public respect and confidence. He is a successful business man and is identified with various enterprises. Mr. Redfield is president of the First National bank of Eldred and is a director in the Hamlin Bank & Trust company of Smethport and a director of the First National bank of Bradford. He is a public spirited, progressive citizen who is closely in touch with the affairs of this county and the needs and ambitions of the people. He is a Republican who is always loyal to the true principles of his party. Mr. Redfield should receive the entire vote of the party in McKean county because he well deserves to receive the party's endorsement.

OSCAR C. STRAUS, ON THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

In a big meeting held in Manchester, N. H., last Friday night, the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, formerly Secretary of Commerce and Labor, recently United States Ambassador to Turkey, and a permanent member of The Hague Tribunal, had this to say on the presidential nomination:

"The great principles for which Senator Clapp pleads and for which your young but distinguished governor so boldly stands, lead us back into the promised land, that land where virtue was vitalized and the moral conscience of the people was vitalized under the seven years' administration of Theodore Roosevelt. This government was based and founded upon the broad principles of the rights of the people. It was a plain and simple principle. That principle cannot be maintained simply by giving the people the right to vote. They must have the right to determine who they shall vote for and that right is and has been largely taken away from the people, and instead of these men like Senator Clapp and others being reactionaries they are the real conservatives to lead the people back to those principles where they shall be endowed with those fundamental principles that are inherent and absolute in a democracy.

"On the tenth of February last the Republican governors of seven states who assembled at Chicago for the purpose of considering what will be best for the country and would most likely insure the continuance of the Republican party, addressed a letter to ex-President Roosevelt and appealed to his sense of public duty not to decline the nomination for President coming as a voluntary expression of the wishes of the majority of the Republican voters of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt replied that in the interest of the people as a whole he would accept the nomination for President if tendered him and that he hoped that the people might be given the chance through direct primaries to express their preference as to who should be the nominee of the Republican presidential convention. Because a president has been a president for four years no matter how good a President he has been, that is no reason why he should have another four years, when the people of this country can secure somebody whom they think will make a better President. The office of the President is pre-eminently the people's office and the people should have the unrestricted right to select their nominee.

"It is claimed not only by our political opponents but by some of our friends that while freely admitting all this, to elect Roosevelt again would be a violation of a cherished precedent against a third term. That is a subject I want you to thoroughly understand. There has been a great deal of mystification on that subject and should be clarified and it is not clarified in the headlines of the press, that is controlled by interests which speak and spit out spiteful untruth against Theodore Roosevelt. Let us see what the truth is. By Article 2 of Section 1 of the Constitution of the United States it is provided that no person holding any office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed as a Presidential elector. The purpose of this provision clearly was to prevent choosing a President or re-electing one without regard to the welfare of the people, but with only regard to such electors personal interest in order to prolong their continuance in office. One thing is clear that this practice of a President using the power of office-holder to gain a re-nomination should be effectively prohibited in accordance with the spirit if not the very provision of the constitution itself. The Republican party should not forget that methods such as these outraged public sentiment in the time of Harrison and the result was that he was defeated, and deserved to be defeated. President Taft has recently called the genuine progressives political emotionalists or neurotics. If this be neurotic emotionalism then this is another name for arousing the spirit of patriotism."

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

Seeds Seeds Seeds

Our stock of seeds has been carefully selected from the best Timothy and Clover-growing sections. Can furnish you any kind or any amount of Timothy, Mammoth Clover, Medium Clover, Alsyke Clover, Alfalfa Clover, White Clover, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue Grass, Fancy Red Top, Pasture Mixture, Lawn Grass Mixtures, etc.

We also have in stock German Millett, Hungarian Millett, Japanese Millett or Billion Dollar Grass, Fodder Corn. Any kind of Garden Seed Peas. Also all kinds of bulk Garden Seeds.

We solicit you trade and ask you to write for prices and samples before buying, or call at our store, 121 & 123 West State Street, Olean, N. Y., and examine seeds.

3-14-4t L. Y. MILLER & SONS.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

STILLWELL-COOL.

Former Miner Employee United in Marriage Last Thursday.

On Thursday of last week occurred the marriage of Miss Dorothy Cool to Llewellyn Stillwell, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cool, at Castile, N. Y. After the ceremony the happy young couple departed for Buffalo, where the groom has an excellent position in a printery and where they have furnished apartments ready for housekeeping. Their many friends in Roulette extend congratulations and best wishes.—Roulette Recorder.

Mr. Stillwell was an employee in this office the latter part of 1910 and early in 1911, and The Miner unites with many friends here in wishing he and his bride a long and happy married life.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending March 9, 1912:

Price, Mr. Harry
Reynolds, Miss Ethelyn
Smith, Miss Laurena
Sullivan, S. W.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Three good work horses. For particulars inquire of

2t HEWITT BROTHERS,
R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

SOMETHING OF A NUISANCE

Mr. Fatherly Comes to the Front With Some Remarks About Mamma's New Footstool.

"The only Christmas gift whose presence in the house I regret," said Mr. Fatherly, "is a footstool which our girls gave to mamma.

"Mother is not an old lady, but the girls thought it would be nice for her to have something to put her feet up on and then I think that as a sort of subsidiary idea they had a fancy that it would look well in the house.

"I am not familiar with footstool architecture and so I don't know of just what design this one is, whether it's a Louis XIV. or Louis V. or what; but I know it's built of mahogany, is oblong in shape, upholstered in green, has carved legs with claw feet and that for its size it is a pretty solid piece of furniture.

"On Christmas night when the girls put that footstool under mamma's feet 'Isn't that lovely?' they said, and mamma said it was perfectly beautiful and she sat with her feet on it for the rest of that evening. But she has never used it since; she isn't a footstool lady yet.

"Then the girls began setting that footstool around in our parlor or in our library, where they thought it would appear to advantage and where it would, by its presence, enhance the attractiveness of our outfit. It has been during this time, while the girls were placing the footstool around here and there to see how it would look, that I have become best acquainted with it by stubbing my toes against it.

"For, you see, it was new to me, and then, with the girls forever shifting it around, really it seemed as if I couldn't go anywhere in those two rooms without falling over that footstool.

"Just now the girls have got that footstool under the piano bench; they are trying to see how it looks there. The bench is of mahogany and it has curved legs and claw feet, like the footstool's, and in a way the two pieces of furniture do harmonize. I hope that this harmony will appeal to the girls strongly, and that there under the piano bench, for a long time, they will let this curiously, one might almost say malignantly, obstructive footstool remain."

BLOOD STONE
Birthstone of March
Look over our fine line of Rings and Pins
Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers
Smethport, - - Pa.

EASTERN SEASHORE TRIP
15-Day Excursion
Atlantic City
Cape May
Wildwood Ocean City
Sea Isle City
Friday, April 5, 1912
$10.80 from Smethport
Tickets good going on regular trains April 5, and good returning until April 19. STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA returning on deposit of ticket.
Full particulars of ticket agent, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St. Buffalo

OVERCOAT SALE
NOW ON
—AT—
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

1913 Calendars

Despite the many changes which have taken place in advertising methods during the past twenty years, the advertising calendar has maintained its position as the best medium of publicity for the merchant, dealer or small manufacturer.

The consumption of calendars increases annually. Last year over one hundred thousand firms used calendar advertising in the United States alone. Can so many business men be mistaken?

Calendar advertising persists because no one has been able to devise another form of publicity which pays so large a return on so small an investment.

Let me show you the Collins line of calendars for 1913. Every one is a business producer, and it costs you nothing to see them. Remember that they are all copyrighted and that I am the exclusive agent in and about Smethport.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries
WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.
It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!
his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.
Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

In His Boyhood Days

There's a little country village where I lived when but a boy, and the memory of those happy days still hold for me much joy. They didn't know of street cars—never saw automobiles, and our old fashioned carriage was the finest thing on wheels. But things have changed since those days—this old world's moving fast, way. I just glanced out my window as a modern airship passed. Today we have Chi-Namel that makes old floors like new, you really ought to know of it if will appeal to you. Don't use carpets to cover the old dirt stained floor. The Chi-Namel ready-to use graining process will give it a surface you will not want to cover. See samples of what we mean and try the self-graining So'd by.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 14, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Sunday is St. Patrick's day.

—Next Thursday is the first day of spring.

—Mrs. G. W. King is quite ill at her home in East Smethport.

—Miss Marguerite Knapp is confined to the house with the mumps.

—Read the new advertisement of E. W. Strong, the plumber, in this issue.

—The Missionary tea that was to have been held Friday night has been postponed.

—Reports from the bedside of C. A. Burdick this morning state that he is in a very critical condition.

—St. Luke's choir will sing at the Sunday evening service Maunder's cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace."

—Don't forget the Citizen's band dance which will be held in the Smethport Lyceum on Easter Monday, April 8.

—The Senior class of the Smethport high school have received their class pins and they are certainly a very pretty one.

—John Saulpaugh, machinist at the Backus Novelty company's garage, is confined to his home with a severe attack of mumps.

—The ladies of St. Elizabeth's Aid will hold a cooked food sale at the store of Mary L. Bisett on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—Citizens! Don't forget to tell your friends that we are going to have the biggest 4th of July celebration ever known in this section.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will give a chicken supper at the chapel Saturday evening at 5:30 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. All are invited.

—The senior class of the Port Allegany high school is planning to visit Washington, D. C., in a body. The object of the trip is the education that will be derived from it.

—Services at St. Luke's church Friday evening, March 15th. The Rev. W. H. Overs, D. D., rector of the Church of Ascension, Bradford, Pa., will be the special preacher.

—The Surprise Oil company drilled in another good well on the County Farm last Sunday. The well starts off at the rate of about forty barrels per day and will settle down to one of the best producers on this lease.

—Owing to ill health Miss Eva Davis who has been attending high school for nearly three years, was compelled to leave school last week. Her departure from among us will be greatly missed and a speedy recovery is the sincere wish of her many friends.

—Mrs. F. B. Mayo, who resides on a farm at Farmers Valley, fell on the ice while going from her house to the barn and broke her right fore arm on Tuesday. She was brought to Smethport where Dr. Burg Chadwick reduced the fracture and made her as comfortable as possible.

—Glenni Chase of East Smethport fell on the slippery crosswalk between the Hamlin Bank building and Monheimer's store last Thursday evening and broke the right leg between the knee and ankle. The fracture is a bad one and he will be laid up for some time. Dr. Chadwick was called and gave him surgical attendance.

—Miss Gussie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Nellis, underwent an operation for appendicitis last Saturday afternoon at her home on East Main street. Drs. Benninghoff and Hogan of Bradford and Dr. Robert Hamilton of this place performed the operation. At this time Miss Nellis is getting along nicely.

—Yesterday morning a marriage license was granted to Clifford A. Tremblay and Miss Sadie Hines, with the consent of her mother, Mrs. Jennie Fulkrod. Tremblay is about to enter upon a term of imprisonment in the Western penitentiary and they were married last evening at seven o'clock in the county jail.—Coudersport Journal.

—At 10:30 o'clock this morning the marriage of Mr. William O'Reilly and Miss Virginia Zook was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Zook, No. 64 South Avenue, Bradford, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bridal couple. They will reside in Smethport. A host of friends here with The Miner unite in extending congratulations.

—Squire A. Hanks, a well-known and highly respected resident of Portville aged 63 years, was found dead in his barn on Monday of last week. Mr. Hanks went to the barn in the morning to do his work there and not returning at the usual time, Mrs. Hanks sent a grandchild to see what caused his delay. The child found him dead. Heart disease is given as the cause of death.

—The men of the Methodist Episcopal church are engaged in building a room under the chapel of that church. The room is to be eighteen by twenty-two and is well lighted and has an outside entrance. It is intended for use of a Sunday school class to be formed by men at present not affiliated with the church or Sunday school. Considerable interest is already manifested by the enterprise.

—Word was received yesterday from Port Allegany that Mrs. James Kellet of that place had died that morning. Mrs. Kellet was formerly Miss Mary Griffin of this place and she was about 30 years of age. She is survived by her husband and two or three small children. She had many friends in this vicinity who unite with her husband and children in mourning the loss of a good woman.

—A woman caught stealing a ham in a grocery store in the lower end of town, says the Titusville Herald, was allowed to go without being prosecuted. While, no doubt, she needed the meat, the manner of securing it was not up to the standard of morality required by law or the amendments. She was lucky to have fallen into the hands of a tender-hearted grocer. A repetition of the act would probably bring about punishment.

—Steve Collins, who back in the days when Smethport had a crack baseball team was a favorite umpire in this section, has received a letter from D. M. Shively of Paris, Texas, offering him a position as arbiter in the Texas league. Collins worked in that league during the seasons of 1905-06, and evidently made good. Steve is not in the best of health, however, and would prefer to remain north. He is in Jamestown at present.

—Ernest G. Peterson, section boss on the P. R. R., with headquarters at East Smethport, was operated upon for appendicitis at the home of Mrs. C. W. Liligendahl, Wednesday morning. Dr. Burg Chadwick, assisted by Dr. H. L. McCoy, removed the appendix and the young man is getting along nicely at this time. He is a son of John Peterson of Norwich township and he has many friends in this section who hope for his speedy recovery.

—C. S. King, proprietor of the New Sartwell House at Port Allegany, is beautifying the hotel and grounds by transplanting a number of large maple trees. In speaking of the work the Reporter says: It took ten horses, fifteen men and numerous boys to bring the first maple down to King's yard. The roots and earth moved with the tree was eleven feet across and three feet deep, and is set in a pit dug to receive it. That tree ought to grow.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Smethport Fire Department was held last Thursday night. The final report of M. S. Geary, chairman of the entertainment committee, was submitted and the net proceeds amounting to $168.70 turned over to the department. The trustees, M. S. Geary, C. B. Corwin and J. H. Diever, were appointed a committee to arrange for sleeping quarters for two of the members in the hose house, in order to accelerate the work of the department in case of a fire alarm during the night. Very pretty nickel plated badges have been secured for the members.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. J. W. McGavern was in Port Allegany over Sunday.

Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford is in town on business to-day.

Mrs. Rose Orr of Warren is the guest of Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Mrs. W. B. Means was the guest of Mt. Jewett friends last week.

Lawrence Scanlon of Colegrove was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

County Detective E. W. Jones had business in Buffalo last Friday.

Miss Vinnie Campbell spent Saturday with her parents in Eldred.

Miss Zella Means was the guest of Mt. Jewett friends over Sunday.

Miss Martha Cramer returned home Monday from a visit to Clarion, Pa.

Miss Edith Young is visiting her sister, Miss Ella Young, in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton were Buffalo visitors the latter part of last week.

Mrs. A. N. Swartz of New York city is visiting at the home of H. W. Rubin.

Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thos. H. Morrison.

Orlo J. Hamlin and V. B. Bouton had business in Marionville, Pa., on Monday.

C. A. Anderson and daughter, Miss Leola, drove down from Colegrove Sunday.

Mrs. Frances Knapp returned Tuesday from a short visit with relatives at Bradford.

Ed. and Frank Barry of Colegrove were guests of their sister, Mrs. Leo Herzog over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett were guests of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan, over Sunday.

Mrs. H. L. Burlingame of Kasson has been the guest of her son, C. H. Burlingame, and family this week.

Miss Mitchell, a professional nurse from Kane, is taking care of E. G. Peterson at the home of Mrs. Liligendahl.

Mrs. E. W. Workley and Mrs. G. H. Denning are in Ambridge, Pa., this week, the guests of B. S. Bayle and family.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Miss Marie Purtle and Bernard McNally visited Olean and Bradford last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. P. H. Connolly returned from Coudersport yesterday, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. O. J. Wettrick.

Fred D. Gallup and daughter, Miss Marion, left for New York city on Tuesday. Miss Gallup enters a private school in that city.

Enoe Southwick left Monday for Buffalo.

Editor M. T. Stokes of the Coudersport Enterprise was a visitor in town last Saturday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gallup left last Saturday for a trip to California for Mr. Gallup's health. They will be located in Los Angeles for a time at least.

Miss Anna Barry, who is teaching school in Pittsburgh, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Leo Herzog. Miss Barry is convalescing from an attack of diphtheria.

Miss Mame O'Connell of Buffalo who has been the guest of Miss Mate Connolly for the past month went to Coudersport yesterday to visit Mrs. O. J. Wettrick.

Charles Bates and daughter, Mrs. E. L. Spencer of Emporium were in town yesterday greeting friends between trains, while on their way to Kasson for a visit.

Hon. J. W. Bouton, who held court in Williamsport last week, returned home on Friday and on Saturday he left for Meadville where he is assisting Judge Prather this week.

F. L. Sherburne was called to Rochester the latter part of last week by the illness of his daughter, Miss Myra. She is much better now and Mr. Sherburne has returned home.

Superior Court Judge Thos. A. Morrison was in Harrisburg this week to attend the banquet given by Governor John K. Tener, but owing to a slight indisposition he was unable to attend.

Mack Windsor and son, McClellan Edward Windsor, of Olean were visitors in town Saturday. Mrs. Windsor who has been visiting friends in town for some time, returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Marks of Renova visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin this week. Mr. Marks returned to Renova yesterday, Mrs. Marks remaining in town for a few days longer.

Ed. Studholme was over from Smethport Wednesday to visit his brother, Gordon, who was temporarily ill with appendicitis. Mr. Studholme was a welcome visitor at this office while in the city. Mrs. Studholme accompanied him to Port Allegany.—Reporter.

N. F. Metcalf and daughter, Mrs. Schafer, of Austin; Henry Alvord of Andover, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Holden of Port Allegany and Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Potter of Independence, N. Y., were among the out-of-town attendants at D. L. Forsythe's funeral yesterday.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership organized and existing under and by virtue of an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Penna., approved the 9th day of May, A. D. 1899, P. L. 261, under the firm name and style of the "Smethport Land and Improvement Company, Limited," as appears of record in the Recorder's office of McKean county, at Smethport in Miscellaneous Book "W," page 283, was dissolved on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1912, by a vote of the majority in number and interest of those who in the above-mentioned date instituted said partnership. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by Guy H. McCoy, Secretary and all demands on such partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

Smethport, Pa., March 12, 1912.-6t.

Low Rates to the West.

Pennsylvania Railroad. Tickets to Rocky Mountains, Pacific Coast, Western Canada, Mexico and Southwestern points on sale daily March 1 to April 14 inclusive, at reduced fares. Consult nearest Ticket Agent, or D. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main St., Buffalo.

Advertise in The Miner.

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Our motto: "Never carry goods over from one season to another, applies to Clothing as well as to such well known brands

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Therefore, we offer 44 pairs of this splendid make of

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The Store that sells "Wooltex"

Coats, Suits, Skirts' Dresses.

Spring Style Show of unusual magnitude.

MARCH 22 and 23

Mr. E. C. Thomas, representing one of the most extensive and reliable Cloak and suit makers will be at our store on above dates with a large stock of beautifully tailored ready to wear garments for your selection.

This exhibition coupled with our own new stock of garments, which will arrive within the next few days, will make an exhibition which will cover practically every want in these lines and afford a choice in point of variety and price rang only equalled by very large stores.

With the manufacturer aiding us in this way we are able to offer much better values and promise you substantial savings.

Special orders will be taken and garments made to individual measure and specifications where desired.

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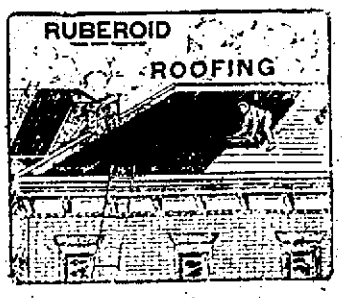
WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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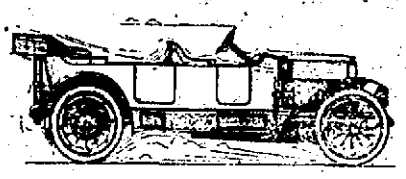
Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to prescriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



THE new Columbia Silent Knight car is the last word in motoring and adds a new pleasure to the sport.

It is not an experiment nor is it untried. Like its European prototypes it is eminently worthy of the wide-spread interest that has been aroused for its power, flexibility and silence.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

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AMUNDSON, THE NORWEGIAN, TELLS OF SUCCESSFUL TRIP TO SOUTH POLE

Recites Most Thrilling Narrative of His Struggle to Reach Cherished Goal.

NOTED ANTARCTIC EXPLORER'S OWN STORY

Describes New Lands He Found, Tremendous Obstacles Surmounted and Sufferings Endured in Quest That Was at Last Triumphant.

SOME SOUTH POLE FACTS

The South Pole is situated on an Antarctic continent larger than the United States and with an area of 5,000,000 miles.

The pole is on a tableland about 10,000 feet about sea level.

The great ice barrier is a glacier, 700 miles wide and hundreds of miles broad in places; it varies from 100 to 300 feet in height.

The breaking off of portions of this ice barrier each summer produces the greatest crop of icebergs in the world.

Mount Erebus belches steam and lava within the circle of eternal ice.

It is probable that the South Pole itself is buried under ice 5,000 feet thick.

Scientists claim that centuries ago the South Pole was a tropical region filled with plant and animal life.

The only human beings in the antartic continent are explorers; no traces of native inhabitants have ever been discovered.

Penquins—great, awkward birds—exist along the coast in some parts.

There is little snow on the lower plateau, necessitating explorers carrying tents; the surface is smooth ice.

Deep crevices in the Beardmore glacier render travel up it perilous.

Vegation in the Anarctic continent consists entirely of moss; the land animal life is limited to a species of wingless insect very primitive in form.

They also maintain that the pole is never at the same place for two consecutive years, that the earth wobbles around considerable each 12 months.

HOBART, TASMANIA.—CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSON, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED HERE ON THE STEAMER FRAM, TOLD THE STORY OF HIS STRUGGLE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR WHICH THE CIVILIZED WORLD HAS BEEN WAITING; TOLD IT SIMPLY BUT THRILLINGLY. THE NORWEGIAN EXPLORER'S CONVINCING NARRATIVE, WHICH MUST BECOME HISTORICAL, DESCRIBES THE NEW LANDS HE FOUND, THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE HE GAINED, THE TREMENDOUS OBSTACLES HE AND HIS COMPANIONS SURMOUNTED AND THE SUFFERINGS THEY ENDURED IN THE QUEST THAT WAS CROWNED BY TRIUMPH AND FAME AT LAST.

BY ROALD AMUNDSEN.

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On the 19th of February, 1911, we commenced to work our way toward the south, from that day to the 11th of April establishing three depots, which in all contained a quantity of provisions of about 3,000 kilos. One thousand six hundred kilos, including 1,100 kilos of seal meat, were cached in 80 degrees, 700 kilos in 81 degrees, and 800 kilos in 82 degrees south latitude.

As no landmarks were to be seen, these depots were marked with flags, seven kilometers on each side in the easterly and westerly directions.

The ground and the state of the barrier were of the best, and especially well adapted to driving with dogs. On February 15 we had thus traveled about 100 kilometers. The weight of the sledges was 300 kilos, and the number of dogs was six for each sledge. The surface of the barrier was smooth and fine, with no sastrugi. The crevices were very local and were found dangerous in only two places. For the rest—long, smooth undulations.

The weather was excellent—calm or a light breeze. The lowest temperature on these depot trips was minus 45 celsius, or centigrade. (Forty-nine degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.) On the 4th of March, on our return from the first trip, beginning on the 15th of February, we found out that the Fram had already left us. With pride and delight we heard that her smart captain had succeeded in sailing her furthest south and there hoisting the colors of his country—a glorious moment for him and his comrades—the furthest north and the furthest south—good old Fram! The highest south latitude attained was 78 degrees, 41 minutes.

Winter on the Ice Barrier.

Before the arrival of winter we had 6,000 kilos of seal meat in the depots, enough for ourselves and 110 dogs. Eight dog houses, a combination of tents and snow huts, were built.

Having cared for the dogs, the turn came to use our solid little hut. It was almost entirely covered with snow by the middle of April. First we had to get light and air. The Lux lamp, which had a power of 200 standard candles, gave us a brilliant light and kept the temperature up to 20 degrees celsius (68 degrees Fahrenheit) throughout the winter, and our excellent ventilation system gave us all the air we wanted.

In direct communication with the hut and dugout on the barrier were workshops, packing-rooms, cellars for provisions, coal, wood and oil, a plain bath, a steam bath and observatories. Thus we had everything within doors if the weather should be too cold and stormy.

The sun left us on the 22nd of April and did not return until four months later. The winter was spent in changing our whole outfit, which on the depot trips was found to be too clumsy and solid for the smooth surface of the barrier. Besides this, as much scientific work as possible was done, and some astonishing meteorological observations were taken.

Open Water All Winter.

There was very little snow, and there was open water close by throughout the winter. For the same reason higher temperatures had been expected, but it remained very low.

In five months there were observed temperatures between minus 50 and 60 degrees celsius (58 and 76 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit), the lowest temperature, on the 13th of August, being minus 59 degrees celsius. It was then calm. On the 1st of August the temperature was minus 58 degrees celsius, and there were six meters of wind. The mean temperature for the year was minus 26 degrees celsius (14.8 below zero, Fahrenheit).

I had expected hurricane after hurricane, but I observed only two moderate storms and many excellent auroras—in all directions.

The sanitary conditions were of the best all the winter and when the sun returned on the 24th of August he met the men sound in mind and body, ready to set about the task that had to be solved.

Already, the day before, we had brought our sledges to the starting place for our march toward the south. Only in the beginning of September did the temperature rise to such an extent that there was any question of setting out.

First Start for the Pole.

On the 8th of September eight men, with seven sledges, 90 dogs and provisions for four months, started. The ground was perfect. The temperature was not bad. The next day it appeared that we had started too early, as the temperature of the following days fell and was kept steady between minus 50 and 60 celsius (58 degrees and 76 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit). Personally we did not suffer at all from this cold. Our good furs protected us. But with our dogs it was a different matter. It would easily be seen that they shrank from day to day, and we understood pretty soon that they could not stand the long run to our depot at 80 degrees south.

We agreed on returning and to wait for the arrival of spring. The provisions were cached, and off we went for the hut. With the exception of the loss of a few dogs and a couple of frozen heels, everything was all right.

Only in the middle of October spring came in earnest. Seals and birds appeared. The temperature was steady between 20 and 30 celsius (68 and 86 degrees, Fahrenheit).

The original plan that all of us should go toward the south had been changed. Five men had to do this work, while the other three were to start for the east and visit King Edward VII Land.

This last mentioned trip was not included in our program, but, owing to the fact that the English had not reached it, at least this summer, as was their intention, we agreed that the best thing to do was also to make this trip.

On October 20 the southerly party started—five men, four sledges, 52 dogs, and provisions for four months—everything in excellent order.

The Journey to the Pole.

We had made up our minds to take the first part of the trip as easily as possible, in order to give ourselves and the dogs a rational training, and on the 23rd we made our depot in 80 degrees south. We went right ahead.

In spite of the dense fog, an error of two to three kilometers happened once in a while, but we were caught by the flag marks, and found these on our way without difficulty.

Having rested and fed the dogs on all the seal meat they were able to eat, we started again on the 26th, with the temperature steadily between minus 20 and 30 celsius (4 degrees and 22 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit).

From the start it was the intention not to drive more than 30 kilometers a day, but it appeared that this was too little for our strong, willing animals. At 80 degrees south we began to build snow cairns of a man's height, in order to have marks on our return trip. On the 31st we reached the depot at 81 degrees, and stopped there one day, and fed the dogs on as much pemmican as they wanted.

We reached the depot at 82 degrees on the 5th of November, where the dogs for the last time got all they wanted to eat. On the 8th, southward again, with a daily march of 50 kilometers.

In order to lighten our heavy sledges we established depots at each degree of south latitude.

Like a Pleasure Trip.

The trip from 82 degrees to 85 degrees became a pleasure trip—excellent ground, fine sledging, and an even temperature. Everything went like a dance.

On the 9th we sighted South Victoria Land and the continuation of the mountain range which Sir Ernest Shackleton mentioned in his chart as running toward the southeast from the Beardmore glacier, and on the same day we reached 83 degrees and established here depot No. 4. On the 11th we made the interesting discovery that the Ross barrier terminated in a bight toward the southeast at 86 degrees south latitude and 163 degrees west longitude, formed between the southeast mountain range running from South Victoria Land and a range on the opposite side running in a southwesterly direction—probably a continuation of King Edward VII Land.

On the 13th we reached 84 degrees, where we established a depot; on the 16th we were at 85 degrees, where, also, we made a depot.

From our winter quarters, "Framheim," 78 degrees, 38 minutes south latitude, we had been marching due south. On the 17th of November, at 85 degrees, we arrived at a place where the land and barrier were connected. This was done without any great difficulty. The barrier here rises in undulations to about 300 feet. Some few big crevices indicated the limited boundary.

Here we made our head depot, taking provisions for 60 days on sledges and leaving 60 days' provisions on the spot.

The land under which we lay and which we now had to attack looked quite imposing. The nearest summits along the barrier had a height of from 2,000 to 10,000 feet, but several others further south were 15,000 feet or more.

The next day we began the climb. The first part of it was an easy task—light stops and well filled mountainsides. It did not take a long time, for our willing dogs worked their way up. Further up we met with some small but very steep glaciers. Here we had to harness 20 dogs to each sledge and take the four sledges in two turns. In some places it was so steep that it was difficult enough to use our skis.

Some big crevices forced us from time to time to make detours. The first day we climbed 2,000 feet, the next day mostly up some small glaciers, camping at a height of 4,500 feet. The third day we were obliged to go down on a mighty glacier, "Axel Heiberg's glacier," which divided the coast mountains and the mountains further south.

The next day began the longest part of our climb. Many detours had to be made in order to avoid broad cracks and open crevices. These were apparently mostly filled up, as the glaciers in all probability had long ago stopped moving, but we had to be very careful, never knowing for certain how thick was the layer that covered them.

Our camp that night lay in very picturesque surroundings at a height of 5,000 feet. The glacier here was narrowed in between the two 15,000-foot mountains, the "Fridtjof Nansen" and the "Don Pedro Christopherson." From the bottom of the glacier rose "Mount Ole Englstad," a big snow cone 13,500 feet high.

The glacier was very much broken in this comparatively narrow pass. The mighty crevices seemed to stop us from going further, but it was not so serious as it appeared. Our dogs, which up to this time had covered a distance of about 7,000 kilometers, the last days very hard work, ran this day 35 kilometers, the ascent being 5,600 feet, an almost incredible record.

It took us only four days from the barrier to get up on the vast inland plateau. We camped that night at a height of 10,600 feet. Here we had to kill 24 of our brave companions and keep 18—six for each of our three sledges.

We stopped here four days on account of bad weather. Tired of this, we set out on the 28th of November. On the 26th, in a furious blizzard and in a dense snow drift, absolutely nothing was to be seen, but we felt that, contrary to expectations, we were going fast down hill. The hypsometer gave us a fall of 800 feet.

The next day was similar. The weather cleared a little at dinner time and exposed to our view a mighty mountain range to the east, and not far off, only for a moment, and then it disappeared in the dense snowdrift. On the 29th it calmed down and the sun shone, though it was not the only pleasant surprise he gave. In our course stretched a big glacier running toward the south. At its eastern end was the mountain range going in a southeasterly direction. Of the western part of it no view was to be had, it being hidden in the dense fog. At the foot of this glacier, the "Devil's glacier," a depot for six days was established, at 86.21 degrees south latitude.

The hypsometer indicated 8,000 feet above sea level.

On November 30 we began to climb the glacier. The lower part of it was very much broken and dangerous. Moreover, the snow bridges very often burst. From our camp that night we had a splendid view over the mountain to the east. There was "Helmer Hansen's Summit," the most remarkable of them all. It was 12,000 feet high and covered with such broken glaciers that in all probability no foothold was to be found. "Oscar Wisting's," "Sverre Hassel's" and "Olav Bjanland's" mountains also lay here, beautifully illuminated in the rays of the bright sun.

In the distance, and only alternately to be viewed in the fog, appeared from time to time "Mount Nielsen," with its summits and peaks about 15,000 feet high.

We only saw the nearest surroundings.

It took us three days to surmount the Devil's glacier, always in misty weather.

On the 1st of December we left this broken glacier, with holes and crevices without number, with its height of 9,100 feet. Before us, looking, in the mist and snowdrift, like a frozen sea, appeared a light, sloping ice plateau filled with small hummocks.

The walk over this frozen sea was not pleasant. The ground under us was quite hollow, and it sounded as though we were walking on the bottoms of empty barrels. As it was, a man fell through, then a couple of dogs. We could not use our skis on this polished ice. Sledges had the best of it.

The place got the name the "Devil's Dancing Room." This part of our march was the most unpleasant. On December 6 we got our greatest height, according to the hypsometer and aneroid, 10,750 feet, at 87 degrees, 40 minutes south.

On December 8 we came out of the bad weather. Once again the sun smiled down on us. Once again we could get an observation. Dead reckoning and observation were exactly alike—88 degrees, 23 minutes, 16.8 seconds south.

Before us lay an absolutely plain plateau, only here and there marked with a tiny sastrugi.

In the afternoon we passed 88 degrees, 23 minutes (Shackleton's furthest south was 88 degrees, 25 minutes). We camped and established our last depot, No. 10.

From 30 degrees, 25 minutes the plateau began to slope down very gently and smoothly toward the other side.

On the 9th of December we reached 89 degrees, 39 minutes; on December 10, 89 degrees, 56 minutes; December 11, 89 degrees, 15 minutes; December 12, 89 degrees, 30 minutes; December 13, 89 degrees, 45 minutes.

Up to this time the observations and dead reckoning agreed remarkably well, and we made out that we ought to be at the Pole on December 14 in the afternoon.

That day was a beautiful one—a light breeze from the southeast, the temperature minus 23 celsius (9.4 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit), and the ground and sledging were perfect. The day went along as usual, and at 3 p. m. we made a halt.

According to our reckoning we had reached our destination. All of us gathered around the colors—a beautiful silk flag—all hands taking hold of it and planting it.

The vast plateau on which the pole is standing got the name of the "King Haakon VII plateau." It is a vast plain, alike in all directions; mile after mile during the night we circled around the camp.

In the fine weather we spent the following day taking a series of observations from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. The result gave us 89 degrees, 55 minutes.

In order to observe the Pole as closely as possible we traveled as far south as possible, the remaining 9 kilometers.

On December 16 there we camped. It was an excellent opportunity. There was a brilliant sun. Four of us took observations every hour of the day's 24 hours. The exact result will be the matter of a professional private report.

This much is certain—that we observed the Pole as closely as it is in human power to do it with the instruments we had—a sextant and an artificial horizon.

On December 17 everything was in order on the spot. We fastened to the ground a little tent we had brought along, a Norwegian flag, and the Fram pennant on top of it.

The Norwegian home at the South Pole was called "Polheim."

The distance from our winter quarters to the Pole was about 1,400 kilometers. The average march a day was 25 kilometers.

We started on the return trip on the 17th of December. Unusually favorable weather made our way home considerably easier than the journey to the Pole. We arrived at our winter quarters, "Framheim," on the 25th of January, 1912, with two sledges and eleven dogs, all well.

The daily average speed on the return trip was 36 kilometers; the lowest temperature was minus 31 celsius (23.8 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit), the highest minus 5 celsius (23 degrees above zero, Fahrenheit).

Among the results are the determination of the extent and character of the Ross barrier, and the discovery of the connection of South Victoria Land and probably King Edward VII Land; with their continuation in the mighty mountains running toward the southeast, which were observed as far as 88 degrees south, but which in all probability continue across the Antarctic continent.

The entire length of the newly discovered mountains is about 350 kilometers. They have been named "Queen Maud's Range."

The expedition to King Edward VII Land, under the command of Lieut. Prestud, has given excellent results. Scott's discoveries have been confirmed, and the survey of the Bay of Whales and of the barrier dome by the Prestud party are of great interest.

A good geological collection from King Edward VII Land and South Victoria Land is being brought home.

The Fram arrived at the Bay of Whales on the 9th of January. She had been delayed by the "Roaring Forties" on account of the easterly winds. On January 16 the Japanese expedition arrived at the Bay of Whales and landed on the barrier near our winter quarters. We left the Bay of Whales on January 30. It was a long voyage, with contrary winds. All are well.

CLAIMANT OF SOUTH POLE

CAPT. ROALD AMUNDSEN

POLAR EXPLORATIONS IN A NUTSHELL

RECORDS OF DASHES FOR SOUTH POLE.

1777—Capt. Cook crossed Antarctic circle for the first time to a latitude of 71 degrees, 10 minutes.
1822—Weddell reached 74 degrees, 15 minutes.
1842—Sir James Ross, 78 degrees, 10 minutes.
1900—Borchgrevink, 78 degrees, 40 minutes.
1902—Capt. Scott, 82 degrees, 17 minutes.
1909—Lieut. Ernest H. Shackleton, 88 degrees, 23 minutes, 111 miles from the pole.
1911-12—Capt. Roald Amundsen, the Pole.
1911-1912—Capt. R. F. Scott.

FIVE IN RACE FOR SOUTH POLE

There are four expeditions in the Antarctic, each seeking the same goal—the South Pole. They are:
Capt. Robert F. Scott of England, left England in July, 1910, in the Terra Nova. Established depots in January, 1911.
Dr. Mawson of Austria, left Australia in November, 1910, in Lieut. Shackleton's ship Aurora.
Lieut. Wilhelm Filchner of Bavaria, sailed from Buenos Aires Oct. 5, 1911, in steamer Deutschland.
Lieut. Shirase of Japan, sailed Nov. 23, 1911, in the Kianan Maru from Sydney, Australia.

QUEST OF THE NORTH POLE.

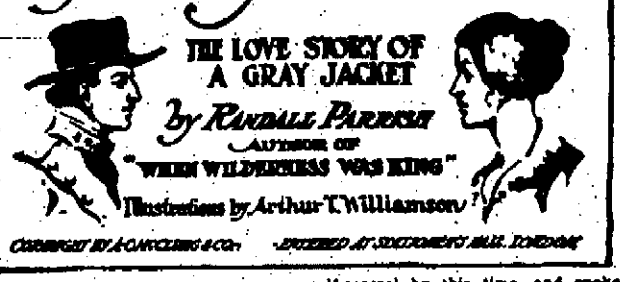
Norse Vikings penetrated the Antarctic five centuries before the discovery of America.
Sir Martin Frobisher headed an expedition which was supported by Queen Elizabeth in 1576.
John Davys left England in 1585 and spent seven years in search for the northwest passage.
William Barents, Dutch navigator, was the first to reach an altitude of 80 degrees. He discovered Spitzbergen in 1597.
Henryk Hudson, noted British explorer, discovered Hudson bay and was abandoned there by his mutinous crew.
William Baffin, British, discovered Baffins bay in 1615.
James Cook, in an effort to discover a northwest passage, found the Sandwich Islands and was killed by natives in 1779.
Sir William Edward Parry made many explorations in the Arctics, for which he received a prize of 5,000 pounds from British parliament in 1821.
Sir John Franklin and his expedition left England in 1845. It was his third and last trip, in which he and his 135 men perished. Thirty-nine relief expeditions were sent to find him.
Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N., reached 82 degrees, 27 minutes north latitude June 21, 1854.
George W. De Long headed an expedition in 1878. He and 20 companions were lost in the wreck of their ship Jeanette.
Gen. A. W. Greeley's expedition, 1881-1884, reached 83 degrees, 21½ minutes north latitude. Party rescued by relief expedition of Admiral W. S. Schley after a loss of 20 lives.
Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian, reached 86 degrees, 14 minutes April 7, 1895.
Capt. Cagni, of the Duke of the Abruzzi expedition, reached 86 degrees, 34 minutes north latitude April 26, 1900.
Commander, now Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., after a quarter of a century of effort, reached 87 degrees, 6 minutes north latitude April 26, 1906, and on April 6, 1909, discovered the North Pole.

PEARY TALKS ABOUT DISCOVERY

Washington.—"If Amundsen says he reached the South Pole he has undoubtedly done so. He is a man whom the world at large may regard with confidence," said Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., the discoverer of the North Pole, at his home in Washington.

"I rather anticipated that Scott would reach the goal first. He headed the finest antarctic expedition in equipment that has ever left civilization on a voyage of discovery and had but 97 miles of the antarctic continent to travel over before reaching the coveted point. Shackleton, Scott and former English explorers in a general way mapped out the route that Scott was to take. His was a national rather than an individual expedition. Shackleton cut the path and left Scott to finish the work. Word is due from Scott at any time. I have been expecting something definite from him daily for the past two weeks. When he does come in touch with civilization I feel it will be found that he reached the pole also."

My Lady of the North



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CHAPTER XXX.

A Union of Yank and Reb.

As the heavy door clanged behind us some one upon the outside began pounding upon it, while with deadly, thug a bullet crashed into the oaken panel.

"Donnerwetter!" shouted a deep voice, wildly. "Captain, I am yet out mit der bullets."

With a crash I flung aside the thick iron bar which answered as a lock, and drew in the Sergeant, yet panting heavily from his hard run.

"By Chiminy, dot vas a narrow squeak," he exclaimed, as I released my grasp upon him and hurled the door back into its place.

A dim light swinging suspended from the ceiling of the great wide hall revealed clearly the scene within. As I turned I beheld Brennan for the first time, and his face remains a memory. Standing with his back to the stair-railing, a revolver grasped tightly in either hand, his eyes burning, his countenance flushed with anger, and clouded by doubt, he appeared almost like one distracted. At sight of me he gave up all attempt to control his raging temper.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded hoarsely. "Who are these men? Caton, if you have betrayed us, by God, I will shoot you dead."

"There is no betrayal," returned the Lieutenant, coolly. "These men are friends."

"Friends?" he laughed cynically. "Friends? In that uniform, and you attired in a Rebel cavalry jacket? Friends? that fellow over there?" and he pointed derisively at me with his pistol barrel. "Damn you, but I believe you are all a pack of lying thieves!"

Caton's face burned. He took one step toward him, his hands clinched, and when he spoke his clear voice shook with intense indignation.

"Major Brennan," he said coldly, deliberate, "you are my superior officer, but you go beyond all privileges of rank in those words. I say these men are friends; they have sunk the issues of war in order that they may answer the call of humanity. If you dare impeach my motives any further, I shall hurl back the cowardly insult in your face. I will take no such words, sir, from any living man."

Brennan looked at him, his lips struggling with the utterance that would not come. Knowing well the danger of such delay, I hastily pushed aside the ring of men, and fronted him, determined to end this foolishness then and there.

"Major Brennan," I said firmly, ignoring his efforts to silence me, "you must listen to reason whether you wish to do so or not. My troopers are all around you; I have two men to your one in this house, and can enforce my will if necessary. Now mark what I say—we are not here in anger or in war, but to help you in the protection of endangered women. We captured your courier, have dispatched one of our own number into the Federal camp for aid, and have fought our way in here to stand beside you and your men in defence of this house against those ruffians without. You can use us or not, just as you please; it rests with you to say whether we shall be comrades in arms on this occasion, or whether I shall assume command by the power of force which I chance to control."

He seemed utterly unable to grasp my full meaning, to comprehend the situation.

"You mean, you would fight with us? under my command?" he asked incredulously.

"I offer my services under your orders," I replied clearly, "and these men in gray will obey mine."

I actually thought he would extend his hand, but some remembrance suddenly restrained him.

"I—of course, Captain Wayne," he stammered, at length, "I—I must accept your offer. I—I am grateful for it, but I shall insist upon one thing; there must be a final settlement of the personal matter existing between us. I am not willing to waive my rights in this."

"There is no occasion for your doing so, sir," I answered coldly, for I considered the reference at that moment in extremely ill taste. "When our work here has been accomplished, you will find me very much at your service."

He bowed gravely.

"I am exceedingly glad we understand each other," he said. "May I ask the size of your command?"

"Sergeant," I questioned, "whom have we lost?"

"Nelson vos kilt, I dinks; der Kid is not here yet, und Sands vos vounded bad."

"Very well; then, Major Brennan, I tender you sixteen men fit for duty, besides myself. You are doubtless acquainted with the house, and can assign us to positions where our services will prove of greatest value."

He had completely recovered his self-control by this time, and spoke now with the terse sentences of a tried soldier.

"I thank you, Captain Wayne, and will ask you to choose four men and assume command of the east side of the house. Caton, you take the same number for defense of the rear. Captain, what is your sergeant's name?"

"Ebers, an experienced German soldier."

"I should have suspected his nationality. Let him have command of four more, and cover the west windows. I shall defend the front myself, as I have been doing."

"Very well," I answered shortly, for his eyes had remained fixed upon me all the time he was talking. "Take the positions assigned you, lads, and do not permit a man from without to put foot on the veranda. If they once succeed in getting under cover of the porch roof, they will give us plenty of trouble."

The position for defence assigned to my care took me into the dining-room of the mansion—a spacious, almost square apartment, containing three large windows reaching nearly to the floor. The outside blinds had been closed, but the glass in the panes was mostly broken, and there were other evidences that the firing had been both heavy and continuous. I found two soldiers of Brennan's party within, both lying upon the floor, and peering cautiously through the apertures of the blinds. They glanced up at us with undisguised amazement.

"It's all right, lads," I said heartily. "Never mind our colors tonight; we are all fighting the same way."

I had taken with me Bungay, together with three of my troopers, and

"Damn You, but I Believe You Are All a Pack of Lying Thieves!"

after placing them as advantageously as possible, I stretched myself out on the floor, and applying an eye to a convenient opening took careful survey of the situation without. This present cessation of activity was, I felt convinced, only temporary. I did not expect, from all I could now see, that the final assault would take place upon my side of the building. The massing of the main body of the besiegers before the front entrance, together with the presence there of their leaders, was sufficient to convince me that this was to prove the principal point of attack, and from my knowledge of such affairs I decided that probably the first signs of returning daylight would be the signal for a determined assault. The dark interior of such a house as this offered too many defensive advantages which the daylight would largely overcome.

"Have you had some hard fighting?" I asked of the man lying next me, a manly-looking fellow, wearing the yellow chevrons of a corporal of cavalry.

"They pitched in mighty strong at first, sir," he answered civilly. "An' we had so few men they pretty nearly rushed us, fer sure. It was our repeatin' rifles thet drove 'em back."

We relapsed into silence, each intent upon the uncertainty without. As I lay there, gazing anxiously into the darkness, I could not forbear wondering where Brennan had concealed the women to keep them from harm. Would he inform them of our arrival? He could scarcely hope to keep the fact long hidden, for they would certainly see some of my gray-jackets, and ask questions.

"They seem to be peckin' away pretty lively out in front," said the corporal, interrupting my reverie.

"Yes," I admitted. "In my judgment that will prove the main point of attack. How many men did the Major have there before we came?"

"Same as here, sir."

"And four of mine; that makes seven altogether, counting himself, and two of these ought to be posted in the upper story. He's bound to need more; that firing is very steady."

"He's got the women loadin' for him, and that helps some."

"The women?" I asked, staring at him in amazement. "Do you mean to say Mrs. Brennan and Celia Minor are there in that front room?"

"Don't know who they are, sir—two mighty fine lookin' young ladies, an old lady with white hair, an' a big, rough-lookin' female, sir. The last one was handlin' a gun to beat the band just afore you came."

"I Believe You Have Already Been Assigned Your Duties."

"And he keeps them there, exposed to all this heavy fire? What can the man mean? Why, Corporal, that constant shooting must have completely shattered the windows. There could be no safety for any one except lying flat upon the floor."

"Well, 'tain't quite so bad as that, sir," he protested, seemingly anxious to shield his officer from adverse criticism. "You see it's a double parlor, with a wall an' foldin' doors atween, an' the women are all in the rear room. Of course, it's almighty dark back there, an' they has to lie pretty close, but blamed if I know of any better place for them. This house hain't got no cellar."

A man groped his way in from the lighted hall, but halted close beside the door, unable to perceive us in the darkness.

"Is Captain Wayne here?" he asked.

"Yes; what is it?"

"Major Brennan has had two of his men hit, sir, and wishes you to spare him three of yours, unless you are hotly pressed."

"All right; there's nothing doing here," I answered, instantly determining upon my course. "Corporal, I shall leave you in command of this side for a few minutes. I believe I can be of more immediate value elsewhere. Bungay, you and Elliott come with me."

The lower hall, having no windows in it, was the only safe place in the building, and here a light had been kept burning. The door which, as I judged, must lead into the back parlor, was closed, and fastened upon the inside. At least it refused to yield to my hand when tried. Another in front stood very slightly ajar.

"Report to Brennan," I whispered into Jed's ear, "and forget to mention I am with you. I desire to investigate matters for myself a few moments."

He nodded to intimate that he understood, and then we crept, one at a time, into the front apartment, hugging the floor closely to keep beneath the range of the bullets which swept every now and then through the broken windows, and chugged into the wall behind us. I was the last to wriggle in through the narrow opening, and rolling instantly out of the tiny bar of light, I lay silent for a moment, endeavoring to get my bearings. I was determined upon just one thing—to obtain speech with the women, learn, if possible, their exact situation, and, if I found it necessary, insist upon their better protection. An insane jealousy of me should not continue to expose them to unnecessary peril.

Brennan was directly across the room from where I lay. I could hear his voice issuing low, stern orders.

"If you'll only keep down you're safe enough," he said gruffly. "There hasn't a shot come within a foot of the sill. The ground slopes out yonder, and those fellows can't fire low. Put the new men at the central window, and let them shoot at every flash they see. Bradley will pass back their empty guns."

I wondered how long our supply of ammunition would hold out with such a fusillade kept up, but ventured upon no protest, for I was already groping my way through the darkness along the inner wall. Furniture lay overturned in every direction, and I experienced considerable difficulty in making progress through the debris without attracting attention. A great square piano stood directly across the entrance to the back parlor, left by the drawing nearly together of the sliding doors. I waited until Bradley had crawled through with an armful of loaded guns, and then entered also, creeping silently between the piano legs. As I did so a bullet struck the case above, and the whole instrument trembled to the impact, giving forth a strange moan, as if in pain.

Some one was groaning in the corner at my left, and supposing the wounded to be lying there, I turned more toward the right, keeping as close as possible to the wall, hopeful I might come in contact with one of the women. I do not honestly know why I did this—really I had no excuse, except my natural distrust of Brennan, coupled with an eager desire to be of service to the woman of my heart. There was little to guide me in the search, as the flame of the discharging rifles did not penetrate here. Once I heard the rustle of a skirt, while a faint sound of whispering reached me from the rear of the room. Then my hand, groping blindly along the wall, touched the lower fold of a dress. It felt like coarse calico to my fingers.

"Mrs. Bungay," I whispered cautiously, "is this you?"

The woman started at sound of my voice, but replied in the same low tone: "That's my name; who mought ye be?"

"A friend of yours, and of your husband," I answered, for I doubted if she would recall my name. "Did you know Jed was here?"

"My man? Hiven be praised! But I'll knock ther head off ther little devil if ever I git my hand on him, I will thet. What's ther little imp bin all ther time?"

"Hunting for you, and crying his eyes out," I answered, smiling to myself in the darkness. "Where is Mrs. Brennan?"

"Jist beyond me, thar in ther corner."

As she spoke a bullet whissed past us, having missed the obstruction of the piano. I could feel the wind stirred by its passage, while its peculiar hum told me it was a Minie ball.

"You are too far out from the wall," I protested. "You are in range."

"Can't help it if I be. I'm yere ter take ther guns from ther sojer, an' pass 'em back."

I crept slowly along beyond her, keeping close to the wall, but had progressed hardly more than a couple of yards, when I felt a hand lightly touch me.

"I recognize your voice," said a soft whisper, "and am so glad you are here."

Who can guess the motives that inspire a woman? This was my welcome, where I had anticipated coldness and repellant pride.

(Continued next week.)

[illegible] TO TELL TALES

Absolute Identification Certain When the Practiced Sleuth Takes Up the Trail.

Many years ago Mark Twain, in his delightful story of "Puddin' Head Wilson," declared that every man's identity, and often, even his destiny, is always on his finger tips. Twice on one day this has been recognized in different parts of the country. It was found that the men who used a launch for the purpose of taking dynamite from the Giant powder works were not the McNamaras. Several finger prints completely exploded the theory. They are, however, the tracks by which others may be overtaken. There could be no doubt that "Edgar R. Jay" arrested in St. Louis for forgery a week after he had married, in Jay Gould Hay, alias Jay Gould, alias Julo Lee. He can not escape the identity of his finger prints at the Indiana and Missouri reformatories.

It was only last year that there were two remarkable warnings to the criminal class to wear gloves. Charles Crispi was arrested and convicted for burglary in New York solely because he left behind on window glass four finger marks. They were only a few hairline etchings, but they singled out of millions of people the only one who could have made them. It was difficult to obtain a jury that would convict on finger print evidence alone, but when it was shown that there is only one chance in sixty-four billions that two finger prints will be alike, that there was no great likelihood of any two of the 1,600,000,000 people now on the earth being able to make the same finger markings, the prisoner gave up. Again in New York, was the remarkable case growing out of the murder of Isaac Vogel, an itinerate jewel broker. It was a single imprint of a finger on a silver cigarette case that led to the arrest of Joseph Roberts.

Thus far finger print evidence is associated in the public mind with criminology. But the day may come when people registering to vote will be required to press their thumb down next to their names. Philadelphia reformers, who are battling against the floater and duplicate voting system, advocate it. They insist that it is only a step beyond requiring the voter to write his name at registration and again—by the side of the first signature—when he comes to vote. It is thought the finger print would stop floaters.

Belasco's Flowery Apology.

David Belasco, who bows with such modesty before the curtain calls that greet the presentation of his dramatic successes, occasionally loses his temper during rehearsals of plays, and when he gets angry he does the thing up brown. For the time being, there isn't a peaceful thought in his fertile brain. When he began the rehearsals of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Miss Henrietta Crossman, the star of the piece, warned him that he must not scold her.

A few days before the first public production, however, Belasco broke out in one of his fine tempers, and Miss Crosman, with head in the air, left the stage and the theater. She was walking rapidly up the street when she heard the rush of footsteps behind her. Turning around, she saw the manager, with his arms full of flowers. These he held out to her imploringly.

This tribute effected a reconciliation. On the way back to the theater the star noticed a flower stand completely denuded of its stock. Belasco in his pursuit of the fleeing actress, had bought all the flowers in sight.—From Twice-a-month Popular Magazine.

Scaling the Peak.

Kutcher—Is that Boston girl frigid?

Hooker—I should say so. When fellows call on her they tie themselves together with ropes.—Harper's Bazar.

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Taking a Stand

"I hope you won't misjudge me, Dick, but I have had to take a stand in the matter," Mrs. Deighton said, regretfully, as, having measured a cupful of flour and dropped it into the sifter, she looked across the kitchen at her brother.

"I've not really seen, Kate, that you are not going to invite the family to celebrate mother's birthday in your home [illegible] for the last six years; in fact, ever since she came back from the east to live with you?" her brother asked.

"Exactly," Mrs. Deighton measured another spoonful of flour, set it on the table, seated herself on a chair near and faced her visitor. "I quite expected that you'd be coming, Dick, to learn my plans for mother's birthday, and you're entitled to know them, for you, at least, have always been appreciative. You see, entertaining 23 children and grandchildren of mother's has meant a lot of work and expense for me, but I have felt that it was worth while if only mother and the family were pleased. But human nature, especially woman nature, craves appreciation, and since I've heard 'of certain disparaging remarks about my method of entertaining, made by different members of the family, I have decided not to have the birthday meeting this year."

"But we've always had a splendid time," Dick urged. "You mustn't take the family's personal view, but the general view, and I happen to know that most of us thought last year's entertainment the best of the lot."

"I heard that Fred's wife said she never had a duller time," Mrs. Deighton replied.

"Maybe she wasn't feeling well; that makes big differences," Dick suggested.

"And Jack's wife said that I might have used my best tablecloth and napkins, as she would have done if it had been her mother's birthday."

"Bessie's only a bride, and maybe she would have put on more frills and less roast beef," Dick said soothingly.

"Margaret criticized me for having the children; she said they made her nervous. That's because she hasn't any of her own. However, I must say that if I were to have the family this year, I wouldn't invite the children, at least with the grownups; they got into so much mischief last year when I couldn't be around to watch them."

"Well, I'm sorry you've decided not to have us this year," Dick said as he rose to go.

"If every one were as appreciative as you are we'd have it as usual," Mrs. Deighton replied, proceeding to measure another cupful of flour.

Dick reached for his hat. "Is that one of your famous sponge cakes you're making?" he asked.

"No; it's the white pound cake birthday recipe."

"Birthday cake? I thought—" Dick stopped. "Well, give my love to mother. I'm sorry not to see her today, but I'm glad she's having a good sleep this morning. Lucy and I will come in to see her on her birthday if you'll be at home, Kate."

"Be at home? Why, of course I'll be at home. Where else should I be on mother's birthday?" Mrs. Deighton asked wonderingly. "Tomorrow I shall make the sponge cake and cocoanut layer cake—that's Jack's favorite. Thursday morning I shall boil the ham and roast the beef. Of course, the boys and their wives will feel that the least they can do is to come to see mother on her birthday."

Is there any special time you'd like us to come, Kate?" asked Dick.

"Between six and half past," Mrs. Deighton answered promptly. "Mark gets home a little after six."

"We'll be here," Dick said. "I'll let Jack and Fred and Bob know. Is there anything you'd like us to bring, Kate?"

"Nothing except the children. I've made a batch of lemon and one of ginger cookies especially for them. And, Dick, I hope that neither you nor any of the others will feel hurt at the stand I've taken this year about the meeting here on mother's birthday. I feel that I couldn't have it after all the criticism. You understand, don't you?"

"But I thought—" Dick began.

Mrs. Deighton counting out a dozen eggs from a basket, placed the twelfth one on the table, and then said, a note of satisfaction in her voice: "You know, it's one thing to invite a number of people to your house and quite another thing to have that same number come as in duty bound. I've made even more preparations than I did last year, because there'll be 24 of us instead of 22, since Margaret's nieces are here, and not a soul will dare to criticise things, because of being self-invited. Do you see?"

"Maybe; but I think it will take a woman to understand your argument," Dick answered, laughing.

Tired of Temperamental.

Backer—I am going to have a reciprocity understanding with the star you have selected before the show goes out.

Manager—What is it?

Backer—If she takes the engagement, I must first take her temperament.

Providing for Fannie

When any of Mrs. Sandler's girlhood friends first saw Fannie they were certain to exclaim in startled tones, "Oh, is this your daughter?" Their unconscious accent on "this" made Mrs. Sandler set her even white teeth in anguish of spirit.

Each time this sort of thing happened the harshness of her fate was borne in upon her anew. Having been a decidedly pretty girl herself, it certainly was hard to be afflicted with a daughter who was so unattractive. For wherever Fannie should have been broad she was narrow. Her nose was too long and so was her waist, and the length of her from hip to heel was nothing short of appalling. She was indisputably lank and her hair was lank and dull and she was generally colorless.

Nothing looked well on Fannie, so she dressed in anything that was handy. She did not object, because she herself had long ago given up the struggle. She had the faculty of turning the most stylish garment into a caricature, and as for hats, a perfectly airy, coquettish piece of headgear was instantly resolved into a hopeless bedraggled joke when it was perched upon her head. Sometimes she rebelled furiously against her lot in life, but she usually bore herself with grim fortitude. There was nothing to it—Fannie was hopeless.

After years of this kind of woe it was a good deal amazing when Cousin Kate Givler, arriving for a short stay on her way abroad, regarded Fannie, whom she had last seen as a baby, without any start disclosing a positive shock. Cousin Kate seemed to take

"Just as Lank and Odd as Ever."

Fannie as a matter of course and when Fannie left the room she exploded at Mrs. Sandler. "Why on earth do you dress that girl so hideously?"

Mrs. Sandler tried to bristle with resentment and then she collapsed. She saw that she must enlighten her cousin. "She doesn't look well in anything," moaned the despairing mother. "She never has and she never will. Nothing becomes her. And if it did it wouldn't be any use, because she's so awkward and—homely!"

"Indeed!" remarked Cousin Kate. She screwed up her eyes as though studying something in the distance. Then she announced calmly that she thought she'd take Fannie along with her to Europe.

All the while they were gone Mrs. Sandler and every one else who knew Fannie remained in a state of wonder in regard to Cousin Kate's singular state of mind.

When Cousin Kate and Fannie got home a short time ago Mrs. Sandler felt that she needed an introduction and a chart to the young person who fell upon her neck. That young person was just as lank and long and odd as ever, but it was with a difference.

After she had got her breath and really studied her daughter Mrs. Sandler saw that Fannie's garb if anything accentuated her absurd lankness.

Fannie, too, seemed to have an entirely new way of lopping into chairs and draping herself across tables, quite as though she had about as much backbone as a piece of twine. Her mother could not keep her fascinated eyes off Fannie.

"I—I can't stop looking at her," she stammered in bewilderment to Cousin Kate.

"Of course not," was the response. "That's the idea! Neither can any one else! Everybody has been perfectly crazy about Fannie ever since I gave her a talking to and bought her some things such as she ought to wear. If a girl can't be pretty she's an idiot if she can't be unique!"

"By the way, there's a young man coming on here in a day or two who's going to marry Fannie if he can wring consent from the parents of such a raging beauty and priceless treasure as he thinks she is! He's young and he's rich and he has no bad habits."

"Now let me tell you Elma Sandler you must marry [illegible] off quick before the present [illegible]

All About a Discord

Having slammed the front door vigorously, Kate burst into the library, where Mary and Janet were embroidering linen towels before the grate fire. She threw her muff on the davenport at the other end of the library, flopped her music roll down on the table and then slid weakly into a big chair.

"There are times," she began ominously, "when I'd marry a Sioux Indian, war paint and all."

"I heard of a girl—" Janet's tone was conciliatory.

"Everything's wrong," Kate was not to be stopped. "I hate a career. I loathe music. I hate the professor, I abominate my cl—. No, I'll never say that, but I abhor Gounod for writing 'Romeo and Juliet.' He's at the bottom of all this trouble."

"Poor Gounod," said Mary. "What did—"

"That's right. Sympathize with the old dead demon instead of me. Nobody loves me!"

"Gracious!" Mary was moved out of her absorption in the careful turning of an "M." "What's the matter, child?"

Kate was serious. "Is it nice to be engaged, Molly? Do you feel as if you were in a harbor safe from the cold, unappreciative world?"

Mary blushed, dropped the towel and smiled into the fire with an abstracted expression.

Janet came to the rescue. "Some one called you on the phone—"

"Well," interrupted Kate, quite oblivious to Janet's voice, "I simply sailed over the first page of the 'Waltz Song;' you know I've practiced on those grace notes and thrills until my voice actually stutters when I try to sing straight. 'That,' the professor said, 'is good business.' Just think! I felt good clear down to the roots of my teeth. He said I looked as if I really wanted to dance, and you know my facial expression usually sets him wild—I always look too absorbed and serious."

"If he could only see you now!" murmured Mary.

"Of course I was feeling tremendously encouraged and then I got to that awful chromatic scale from A to A, and he made a dreadful discord on the piano and said I was off key, and I wasn't—wasn't! Wasn't!" Kate beat her gloves on the chair emphatically.

"But I didn't tell him so abruptly. I just remarked soothingly that certain critics said Geraldine Farrar sang off key and stood with her toes in, and I didn't care if I did. Of course, girls, I do care, but I just couldn't say so."

"In the lull Mary made another attempt. "Poor child! Somebody telephoned—"

"And then he exploded," sputtered Kate, "because he thinks Farrar's perfection. I cried spasmodically all the way home."

Two big tears rolled down Kate's plump, flushed cheeks. Mary and Janet patted her, consigning the professor and all his works to realms unspeakable.

"You're both angels." Kate sat up and rubbed her cheeks vigorously. "I've got to stop crying, because it's bad for my v-voice and I'm going to practice that old scale all night."

Taking the hairpins from her hat, she added: "I don't mind never eating candy or cake or pie or pickles or anything else that's good and always going to bed at nine o'clock and trotting out for an airing so many minutes every day to keep my voice nice, but when he tells me that I'm off key—"

She sat down at the piano and crashed out a few chords.

"If Billy Collins comes over tonight, for goodness' sake tell him I'm not at home, for just as sure as he proposes I'll accept him."

"Great idea!" Mary was enthusiastic. It was her table linen to be that she and Janet were embroidering.

Turning from the window toward Janet, Mary, with a surreptitious gesture, indicated Billy Collins swinging down the street.

"By the way," said Mary, "Billy Collins phoned just before you came in that he was coming over to take you somewhere."

"I won't go." Kate was quite determined. "I've got to practice that scale and, anyway, I might catch cold."

"Cold nothing! He's about to ring the door bell now. I'll lend you my hat with the red roses." This was pure bribery.

The bell gave a strident clang. Kate dived about for her belongings, remarking meanwhile in a stage whisper: "I won't see him. I won't go. I won't! I won't!"

But when Mary came back from the door Kate smoothed her hair meekly and went in. Conversation never languished with Billy.

"Get on your duds and come with me," he said.

A few bars of the "Waltz Song" sounded on the piano. Through them came a rather muffled, not too determined voice: "Thanks, but I can't. I have to practice."

Then five minutes later Kate came out, looking reluctantly happy. "Where," she asked, "is that perfectly sweet hat with the red roses?"

Lucille's Mistake

By Adele Mandel

"How's Arthur?" asked Marcia.

"Finer than ever," answered Lucille, "but he travels so much that I feel like a telephone operator, saying Hello and Goodby to him so often."

"How long will he be in town now?"

"Arthur is away at present and doesn't expect to return for a week."

"Are you sure?"

"What do you infer, Marcia?"

"Only that I thought I saw him at the theater last night."

"Impossible. I had a letter yesterday."

"Maybe he returned since."

"Not without my knowledge."

"Well, the girl he was with—"

"Don't be idiotic," interrupted Lucille indignantly, "Arthur isn't taking other girls out."

"Lucille, I could swear on my bull dog's life that it was Arthur."

"You're too persistent. Didn't I mention Arthur was away?"

"What are you girls arguing about?" broke in Janet.

"About Lucille's future husband," commenced Marcia.

"Oh, I saw Arthur down town this morning, he deliberately walked by without even bowing."

"It wasn't Arthur," contradicted Lucille, vehemently. "I'm going home to write to him now."

"Poor Lucille," said Marcia. "Suppose Arthur was deceiving her. It's a great risk to marry a traveling man. I felt duty bound to tell her."

"People rarely thank you for telling them unpleasant truths."

"Why, she was as cross as two sticks, and never even said goodby."

Upon reaching home Lucille found a 12-page letter from Arthur in which he wrote: "Don't know my next destination, but address your ever wel-

Found a 12-Page Letter.

come letter to General Delivery, Kansas City, and it will be forwarded."

"How strange, but it is merely a coincidence," thought Lucille.

"Lucille," called her younger sister, "Arthur just drove by in a cab and did not even look up!"

Lucille rushed to the window, and could only catch a glimpse of the cab, but the figure seated next to a lady looked strangely like Arthur.

"Saw Arthur at the ball game this afternoon," said Lucille's brother, "but didn't have a chance to speak with him."

"Yes, and I caught a glimpse of him a the restaurant late last night, drinking high balls," said her brother's chum. "He's some sport."

"It's incomprehensible," confided Lucille to her sister. "I can't endure this strain much longer. To think Arthur would be in town, and not come near me."

"A young man wishes to see you," announced the maid.

"Oh, Arthur," cried Lucille joyfully as she entered the dimly lighted library, giving him one long, fervent kiss. "Such tales as they have been telling about you and I nearly believed them. Have you been in the City? You didn't take a girl to theater, did you? You didn't drink highballs? You didn't forget your Lucille," she finished, giving him a hug. "Have you lost your voice? Why don't you answer?"

"I'm not Arthur," stammered the young man. "I'm his twin brother. Don't be so embarrassed. I rather like your sisterly welcome."

"Forget it, please," said Lucille. "Arthur never told me how much you resembled each other."

"Well, I wish I was Arthur. I promised him I would call on you when in town, but this is the first opportunity I have had."

"To think I doubted Arthur," said Lucille, after her visitor had departed. "But I fancy if any one had seen me kiss and hug an absolute stranger, they would have doubted me, too."

But This Is Different.

"Fan," said George, "you know how I feel toward you. Do you reciprocate?"

"George," Fan said, with a shy glance, "does this mean annexation?"

The Trouble.

Father—You mustn't cry for it; wait 'til you are older.

Tommy—Then I'll be too old to cry.

KING'S WAR ROBE ON VIEW

At the Museum in New York City You May See the Feathers Kamehameha III. Wore.

As an example of the past royalty of Hawaiian kings, a remarkable feathered war robe, once the property of Kamehameha III., and said to be the equal in value of diamond ornaments in several of the European regalia, is displayed in the hall of South Sea Islands at the American Museum of Natural History. This emblem of Hawaiian royalty was presented by the king of the islands to Commodore Lawrence Kearney, U. S. N., in 1845. It is a war cape with a history and, according to Dr. Brigham, an authority on Hawaiian feather work, a similar cloak, completed in the reign of one of the kings of the islands, was in process of fabrication through eight previous eras.

The Kamehameha royal cape is made of innumerable feathers of the Iiwi and Oo birds, which were hunted in the ravines and wooded slopes of the mountains of Hawaii for the decoration of these robes of rank. The royal cape, which is crescent-shape, consists entirely of small red and yellow feathers, which are interwoven upon a fiber network made from the bark of the Olona plant. Contrary to the custom of the Peruvians, who first made the feathers fast to a cord and then knotted the cord to a cloth, the Hawaiians attached the feathers separately to the netting.

Although a fortune in labor is represented, the feathered war robe only weighs six pounds. It was presented to the museum by George S. Bowdoin, and is mounted flat between two plates of glass, as is another specimen, which is said to have been used by a former owner as a sleigh robe, in ignorance of its great value.

Among the noted collections containing specimens of this craft are those at Windsor castle, which includes examples given by Queen Victoria, and Lord Brassey's, whose trophies includes a rope brought to England by Captain Cook. In the archives of the Hawaiian Islands a history of each cloak made has been inscribed. The capes are sometimes worn at ceremonials in the islands to denote the rank of the wearer.

Baseball Language.

Baseball language, like West Point French, is something different. Like all successful literature, it embodies the attempt of the intellect to surmount obstacles. In poetry the obstacle is rhyme and rhythm; in drama it is the "unities," the principle of suspended interest, the need to tell a complete story in less than three hours. In baseball writing the obstacle is the fact that there are only two things in the game, batting and fielding; that in each of the two big leagues there are about 150 games to be reported, one very like another, and that the sapience of "fandom" is such that its members, by scanning the scoring tables can visualize a game as completely as the broker can visualize a scene on 'change from his ticker.

The problem of the sporting column is to tell the reader something he cannot get from the score, and so to report day after day for six months the interplay of batting and fielding, that one day's story shall be unlike another's. Hence the flights of fancy which turn a ball into a "pill," a pitcher's arm into a "salary whip" and his "fast one" into his "smoke." Hence the conception of an emergency pitcher as at once "the wrecking crew" and old "Doc Crandall."

Bride's Love of a Clay Pipe.

Rather than give up smoking her cherished clay pipe an Irish bride named Johanna Wood has left the workhouse at Faversham, Kent. Her husband, who was also an inmate of the workhouse, has left with her.

With a careless disregard of the fact that they were both practically destitute, the man and the woman, whose ages are respectively sixty-two and forty-nine, were married on December 11. The honeymoon was spent at the workhouse.

"Mrs. Wood," stated one of the workhouse officials yesterday, "seemed to find her greatest source of pleasure in tobacco. She smoked a clay pipe and would not have parted with it for anything. On being taxed with smoking in the workhouse she said: 'I cannot do without my pipe; I have smoked since I was a little girl.' She was told that she must either give up smoking or leave the workhouse. She elected to take the latter course and left with her husband."—London Daily Mail.

Too Much.

Willis—What was the cause of his death?

Gillis—The doctors said it was an excess of pure joy. He had just shaved himself with a razor that made his face feel like the advertisement, put on a suit of clothes that made him look like the advertisement and was smoking a brand of tobacco that smoked like the advertisement—Satire.

MADE A THING OF THE PAST

Physical Culture in Schools Has Done Away With the Old-time Shoulder Braces.

Some things of common necessity have been passing away without notice of their leave taking. Not infrequently, a few years ago, at the breakfast table, the mother of the family, addressing the putative head of the household, would say: "John, I'm really disturbed about Jane. She's growing right up. I've had to take two tucks out of her dress." "Humph! I suppose girls must grow." "Yes, John, but that's not what I mean to call attention to. She stoops awfully. In spite of everything I say she won't stand up straight. And there's Billy, too. He bends over like an old woman. Those children need shoulder braces. The sooner they have them the better. It mustn't be put off another day."

In that yesterday every drug store had a supply of shoulder braces. They were advertised in the newspapers in liberal space and there was an active demand for them. Very little is heard about shoulder braces today, and boys and girls seem to be growing up straight enough without such appliances.

The reason for the passing of the shoulder brace for children will be recognized as soon as mentioned. The lack of demand is almost wholly due to the fact that more attention is now paid to physical training in our public schools than was the case a few years ago. The girls are greatly improved thereby. They walk better and carry themselves better. As for the boys, they are encouraged to engage in athletic exercises which tend to better them physically and carry out the old Roman saying of "a sound mind in a sound body."

For the advance that has been made praise is due to the gymnastic training advocated by a large German element here for years before it was given a tardy recognition. When the girls get a little older they will slip into corsets, probably, but even then, no matter how tight fitting, they have been so built up physically that they will not be transformed into hourglass patterns quite as readily as if their bodies had not been given proper care when young. As for the boys, they will grow into lusty young manhood, with bodies fitted to enjoy to the utmost the keenest outdoor sports and athletic exercises.—Indianapolis News.

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